MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c.

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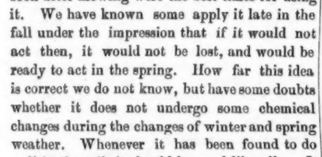


"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

NICKEL IN THE UNITED STATES.

This metal is much used in the manufacture of what is called "German silver," a very useful alloy of metal. The German silver spoons and various kinds of ware depend upon a certain quantity of nickel for many of their valuable properties. We were not aware that it was found in the United States in so large quantities as it is.

We see in the New Church Herald an article from the Public Ledger, giving a description of a nickel mine in Pennsylvania, somewhere in Lancaster County. We make the following extracts from it, by which our readers may see that we are not wholly dependent upon Europe for this article.

The writer says that these mines are about 13 miles from the town of Lancaster, that they were discovered as long ago as 1732, by a German, who, in company with others, opened them for the purpose of obtaining copper, which is abundant there in the form of sulphuret of copper. The water rushed in upon them so copiously that they were compelled to give up their operations.

Not long since a company purchased these mines, and placing a powerful steam engine at the mouth of the shaft, have thus been enabled to free the mine from water, and enable the workmen to pursue their business dry shod. Large quantities of nickel are daily taken out. It is sold to three manufacturers,—one in Kensington, one at Cooper's Creek, and one at Kaighn's Point. These manufacturers are extensively engaged in converting the ore into metal. The writer says that nickel is found in a copper mine near Baltimore, and that it is also found in considerable quantities in Missouri.

But the Pennsylvania mine seems to be inexhaustible. It will probably be found in other sections of the Union on further search.

USE OF PLASTER OF PARIS.

In answer to some queries in regard to the use of Plaster, we omitted to say any thing in regard to the best time of applying it. We have found by what little experience we have had in its use, that for grass, in the spring, and soon after mowing were the best times for using it. We have known some apply it late in the fall under the impression that if it would not act then, it would not be lost, and would be ready to act in the spring. How far this idea is correct we do not know, but have some doubts whether it does not undergo some chemical changes during the changes of winter and spring weather. Whenever it has been found to do well in the soil, it should be used liberally. It can now be obtained at Mr. G. H. Williams' mill, in this city, for six dollars per ton. This is cheap compared with some of the crack fertilizers now in the market.

The farmer should always have some of it on hand to put on to his compost heap, to scatter about his henroost, privy, sink drain, &c., and he will find it a pretty good disinfecter, and not injured any by this use, for continuing a good dressing for meadow, field and garden.

SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE FOR BLACK KNOT.

Mr. A. E. Porter in a communication by him to the New England Farmer, recommends the application of spirits of turpentine as a remedy for the black knot in plum trees. He says that a friend of his used it in the following manner. He was at work in his garden and about to cut down a plum tree that was half covered with black knot. "Having," says he, "some spirits of turpentine on hand, he bethought himself to make an experiment of this tree before destroying it. He cut the knots with a sharp knife down to the wood, and made a thorough application of turpentine. Months passed, the tree lived, did well, and the black knot was destroyed. Since then he has been very successful with this remedy, and so have others who have followed his example."

Wash or Paint for Fruit Trees. We find the following in the Pennsylvania Farm Journal over the signature of W. Collins. He recommends it as an antidote to insects, or to prevent the growth of moss, fungus, &c. 1 pound of sulphur, 2 pounds soft soap, 1 gallon of tobacco water, and 2 gallons lime water; mix and apply with water.

Correspondents must have patience. We have a large number of communications in the drawer, for which we will make room as fast as possible.

For the Maine Farmer.

AN EFFECTUAL CROW FRIGHTENER.

Mr. Editor:—In your last No. I noticed a request by "Corn Field" wishing to be informed of the best method for preventing the depredations of crows. Our prevention is simple, and original with us, though it may have been practised by many others. It is simply this. Procure a crow, or what is easier a black hen, which will answer every purpose. Scatter part of the feathers on some prominent part of the field, place the carcass near by on the ground, and I will insure the corn from any farther trouble from crows. The next intruder quickly discovers some calamity has befallen his predecessor, and immediately collects all *crowdom* to hold an inquest, always being careful to keep at a respectable distance. They invariably decide "That our friend crow came to his death by some means past our comprehension, and we therefore advise our friends to try some more favorable locality." This with us has been a never failing remedy, and I would advise our friend "Corn Field" to spare the *birds*, when he can so easily protect his corn.

Anti Crow Killer.

Vassalboro,' May, 1855.

BOSTON VETERINARY INSTITUTE.

The Legislature of Massachusetts have recently incorporated an institution, for the purpose of giving instruction to pupils in the diseases of animals, to be called the "Boston Veterinary Institute."

A letter received from Dr. Dadd, the well known Veterinary surgeon, of Boston, informs us that the act of incorporation "invests the corporators with university powers to confer degrees &c., to hold property to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars, for the purpose of Veterinary tuition, and the establishment of an infirmary for the benefit of domestic animals."

We are glad to hear this. Our domestic animals constitute an immense proportion of the wealth of the nation, and every hour contribute vastly to our necessities, our comforts and our prosperity. They are subject to diseases, but these diseases have been subjects of investigation and study to but very few indeed, and the poor animal is often hurried out of the world by the most gross quackery. We trust that this institution will in a few years place this matter in a more sensible position; that scientific truths in regard to veterinary subjects will continually flow forth from it, and be the means of preventing much suffering to our domestic animals, and much pecuniary loss to their owners. Success to the Veterinary College, say we.

Onions and Onion Flies. It used to be a very easy thing for us in Maine to raise onions, but for the last six or eight years we have not been able to do it on account of the onion fly. Has any one yet discovered an infallible method of preventing this little scourge from destroying the onions almost as fast as they come up? If so we should like to be enlightened a little on the subject, and we are not alone in this desire. An old friend of ours, who used to pride himself on his good kitchen garden, said to us the other day, "the *pride of his garden* was gone." He had'nt been able to raise an *onion* for the past five years.

For the Maine Farmer.

HEDGES OF THE NATIVE THORN.

Mr. Editor:—Numerous hedge plants have been recommended for this climate. Some, after being fully tested, have proved hardly sufficient, others, not perfectly at home, too expensive, or unfit for the purpose. In the Buckthorn perhaps as many good qualities are combined as in any plant. But to insure a durable and symetrical hedge, it will require considerable attention. Now cannot some native plants be substituted, especially where the object is cheapness or rusticity and efficiency.

Our native thorn, (will the Dr. please give the scientific name?) is perhaps as formidable a barrier against both quadrupeds and bipeds, as can be obtained in a live fence. It is always "armed and equipped," ready to repel invaders, and even when young, whatever attempts to pass through or over it, will be likely to get a severe *thorning*.

On passing through the town of Alexander my attention was directed to a hedge of this kind, on the premises of Robert K. Thistlewood, formerly from England. He had brought the elements of rural life with him. He had reared one hedge from the native thorn, which by judicious shearing and training, made a well balanced, thick, and rather pretty hedge. Another was under way, which bid fair to make a very cheap and strong fence. The plants were perhaps one foot high when set, and from one to two feet apart. After growing a year or two they were lopped down lengthwise of the row, by cutting in, say one foot from the ground, (in the spring before the sap started so as not to injure the bark,) bending down and fastening by stakes, and weaving in a few withes. This hedge, thus trained, a year ago, had sprouted up vigorously, looking as if but little labor would be required in future to make it all that could be desired, for the situation. Another advantage in a hedge of this kind is, not requiring so much protection from cattle as the finer sorts of plants; they prefer to let it alone, even when small.

Mr. T. informed me that he procured a part of his plants from woods and pastures, and the remainder from the seed; gathered them in autumn, mixed them with old straw, and buried one year in the ground, then planted them. Seeds of this kind do not often vegetate until the second year. S. N. T.

For the Maine Farmer.

KEEP OFF THE CROWS.

Mr. Editor:—A writer in the last Farmer, asks "How shall we keep the Crows off?"

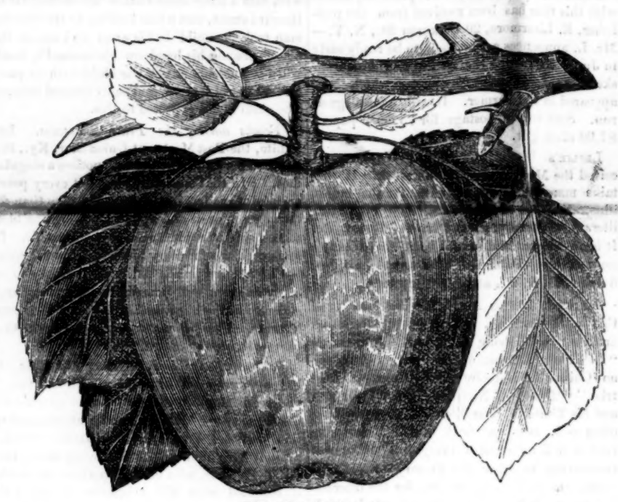
It may be of use to him, or some others, to know that the cheapest and most effectual way to keep off the crows from a corn field, till the corn is too large for them to pull, is, as soon as may be after the corn is planted, to set small stakes about 4 feet in length, above ground, around the field, (if not larger than a two acre lot,) at about 5 or 6 rods distance from each other, and then with a ball or two of crow twine, (white) warp the field, drawing the twine tightly from stake to stake, as the dews and rain will cause it to stretch sufficiently.

New stakes are preferable to old, and it is well that they be set so that the twine shall run in a zigzag, or "Virginia fence" fashion. If the field is larger than above named, warp again through the middle, once or more. This plan I have found to be for years perfectly effectual, not losing a hill when thus treated. Let "Cornfield" and all others who plant corn, never leave the field with any corn on the ground in sight of the crows, unless he likes to have a deal of trouble to no profit. J. H. Cole.

Vassalboro' 5th mo. 1855.

Note. Friend Cole's advice, to put up the twine "as soon as may be" after planting, is good. We once put up the *twine* after the crows had got a taste of the corn, and they paid no regard whatever to it, but kept on doing their mischief as before. [Ed.

Plaster on Clover. A bushel of plaster per acre, sown broadcast over clover, will add 100 per cent to its produce.



The Hunt Russet.

HUNT'S RUSSET.

We give in the present number, a beautiful engraving of a variety of apples known in this vicinity and in many other places by the name of "Hunt's Russet."

The Russet apples are so similar in color and form, that they often become confounded together. So with this. We find in Cole's Fruit Book, that he has put this apple with some three or four synonyms, such as: "American Golden Russet, Sheep's Nose of Coxe, Little pearmain in some parts of Ohio, Russet pearmain in some parts of the West." He attributes the origin of it to the Hunt farm in Concord, Massachusetts.

Now we do not say that Cole is wrong in considering Hunt's Russet and American Golden Russet one and the same apple, but we have two apples. The American Golden Russet which came from a nursery of long standing and considered correct in names, and also the Hunt Russet received from J. Hartwell, Esq., who obtained it from Massachusetts, probably either directly or indirectly from the Hunt farm, and they are different apples.

The Hunt Russet is a capital apple, having the subacid and saccharine matter blended together and giving it a rich flavor. The same may be said of the Golden Russet that we raise, but the latter is smaller than the Hunt Russet, and has not so much blush upon it.

The following is from the New England Farmer. The fruit is well known to the Editor of that work:—

"Take it all in all, for productiveness, for the dessert, kitchen, for the home market and for exportation, and for its beauty of form and coloring, the Hunt Russet, we think excels any other apple in New England, and stands at the head of them all! We say this considerately, after all the opportunities we have had of testing apples, and believe this to be the opinion of some excellent judges of fruit who have had occasion to compare this with many other varieties.

The first Governor of Massachusetts, Winthrop, purchased a tract of land for a plantation, and upon which he intended to reside, on the northwest bank of the river, in the beautiful town of Concord, about eighteen miles, and nearly west, from Boston. The land gradually rises until it reaches a height commanding a pleasant view of the subjacent country, including nearly all of the village, and the broad meadows on the banks of the river, then probably covered with forest trees. Owing to some domestic affliction, as was supposed, the Governor never entered upon this land as a resident, and sold it to a gentleman from England, by the name of Hunt, whose descendants in a direct line own and occupy a considerable portion of the land at the present time.

It was this purchaser of the land from Governor Winthrop who introduced the apple portrayed above. From inquiries we have made among the descendants of old Deacon *Simon Hunt*, it appears that the tree originated and occupied a site near the highest point of land in the tract. This land is now owned and occupied by Capt. Nathan Bartlett, one of the largest and best farmers in that ancient town. We have repeatedly visited his farm, examined his trees and their products, and believe that he entertains the opinion we have expressed of the Hunt Russet. He puts up several hundred barrels of apples this year, and among them a large portion of this favorite. So far as we have been able to trace the history of this apple, we believe that all the trees of this variety now growing in New England sprung from the tree planted on the old Indian Hill in Concord, by Mr. Hunt.

We are inclined to think that the Hunt Russet is identical with the apple described by Cole, Downing and Thomas, as the English Russet. The reader will observe that our engraving answers Mr. Downing's description of the English Russet which we copy below. He says the "stalk is rather small." In the engraving above the stalk is rather large, but is true, as the whole portrait is, to life.

The fruit, (as Downing says of the English Russet,) is of medium size, ovate, or sometimes conical, and very regularly formed. Skin yellowish-green, nearly covered with russet, which is thickest near the stalk. Calyx small, closed, and set in an even, round basin, of moderate depth. Stalk rather small, projecting even with the base, and pretty deeply inserted, in a narrow, smooth cavity. Flesh white, tender, with a pleasant, mild, slightly sub-acid flavor.

The tree is a little slow in coming into bearing, but once producing fruit, bears every year; is hardy and of handsome shape. We have seen the apples *two years old*, fair, plump and juicy, kept on the shelf in the cellar with no extra care whatever, and have kept them ourselves a year in good condition. It bears a high price in the market, selling quick at $5 a barrel in the market last spring, and is rapidly gaining the popular favor.

The above is the opinion we have formed of this fruit from raising, using and comparing it. But we advise no one to adopt our opinions without careful inquiry and investigation for themselves."

For the Maine Farmer.

QUERIES.—LEACHED OR UNLEACHED ASHES.

Mr. Editor:—As editors of agricultural papers are supposed to know everything about farming, I take the liberty of asking you a few questions, by answering which you will confer a favor upon one who is just beginning.

What is the difference of the action of leached and unleached ashes?

On land where leached ashes has a good effect, will the same quantity of unleached ashes be likely to do twice as much good?

Some farmers tell me that there is no difference in the effect of leached and unleached ashes. Are you prepared to analyze soils, and if so, please state terms, &c. A Subscriber.

Note. The principal difference between leached ashes and unleached ashes, is in the quantity of potash. Leaching the ashes is nothing more than dissolving out the potash, and removing it in the ley that is made.

A portion of potash always remains. The other ingredients of ashes remain about the same in leached or unleached ashes, they not being dissolved out, and vary according to the material of which the ashes are made. They are clayey or aluminous matter, silicious matters, phosphate of lime, &c.

For those crops which require potash in considerable quantities, unleached ashes are preferable; such as corn, potato vines, (the vines of potatoes contain a large portion of potash,) beets, turnips, &c. Some farmers think, for the grass crops, leached ashes are as good as unleached, the silicious matter—the phosphates, &c., being required by this crop, will take as much from one as the other. We are not prepared to analyze soils. It is a slow business and requires much care, and although we used to do such business, our editorial and other labors prevent doing it now. We ought to have a State Chemist, with a competent salary to do this business free of expense to individuals. [Ed.

HOW TO BUILD A GOOD FENCE.

My farm consists of 130 acres. I bought it three years ago, from one of our old Canadian farmers. It was a model farm, under his management, for burs, Canada thistles, June grass, foxtail, and all othor matters and things of this sort, as well as for bad fences—there were not good rails enough, on the whole place, to make fifty rods of good fence. The old man and his neighbors' cattle had many a contest, to know which should hold possession.

After coming into possession, my first effort was to get a good outside fence. This I accomplished by building something over a mile of common board fence. This was constructed in the usual way. But next, I needed cross fence, for the farm was all in one field, and I designed laying it out in eight acre lots. I found, on a short calculation, that in accomplishing that, I had to build over three miles of fence; to get a good fence at the least cost, was what I wished. My neighbors could not learn me much in reference to the matter, either by example or precept, so I had to figure it out.

My first operation was to purchase three hundred saw logs in the woods. These were drawn to a saw-mill with my own teams in the winter. Next I bought about one thousand cedar posts, and cut and drew home nearly another thousand. The lumber was partly drawn by my own teams, and partly by others. As soon as the spring opened I commenced operations. This I did by squaring off my intended fields, and putting in stakes on the lines of the fences. This done, my ploughman commenced his part, by throwing three furrows to each hand, leaving as large a space in finishing, or between them, as convenient. He then altered his clevis, and went down with another furrow as deep as he could run the plow—returning in the same furrow to throw up the loose earth. I found that he got down full fifteen inches. Two men now commenced sinking holes eight feet apart and one foot deep in this furrow, or ditch. In soft clay or loam, they dug eighty-six holes in about three-fourths of a day. As soon as the holes were dug we commenced putting in the posts. This is a simple operation, but it is best done, I think, by first setting every tenth or twelfth post in a line, and then using two good strong cords stretched from them to guide the man in setting the rest.

I do not think that it is of any use to pack the earth round the posts. In fact I believe it does harm. As soon as the posts are set, we strike a line on the posts, two or three inches above the natural level of the ground. The bottom board, about twelve inches wide, is now nailed on, its upper edge even with the line. The plow is again called into requisition, using, however, only one horse. The earth that had been thrown from the line of the fence, is now turned back. This is done by throwing in three furrows on each side, and throwing these up again. Two more boards, six inches wide, are now nailed on—the first with an opening of six inches, and another of eight inches. The nails used thus far, are common two and a half inch cuts, but in nailing on battens, which I do on each post, we used four inch nails putting one through each fence board.

The next operation and last, as far as the fence is concerned, is to set two men to finishing the banking. This is a quick and simple operation—one goes ahead and throws up the loose earth out of the ditch; the second clears out the ditch, and finishes the bank. Timothy seed is at once sown on very thick, and the bank is slightly lumped down with the back of the shovel. Two men will easily finish the banking of forty or fifty rods in a day.

Such a fence when finished, will cost here less than forty-five cents per rod. It will be five feet high from the bottom of the ditch—it cannot be jumped by any common animal—it occupies with me five feet of land—it is easily built, a large share of this digging and banking being done by horses, and all the rest is performed by common farm laborers—it is quickly built—the posts never heave, even in softish or wettish soils—the water cannot freeze round them, and they will last longer than posts set in the common way. [Albany Cultivator.

CULTURE OF CARROTS.

I was much interested, and I doubt not instructed, with your article last week, headed, "Seed Time and its Labors,"—more particularly that portion of it referring to carrots, as I have been attempting the culture of them for two or three years recently. And without claiming anything like proficiency in my own knowledge of their cultivation, and being perfectly aware that in this, as well as in all other branches of agriculture, we are in comparative ignorance—allow me to take exceptions to one or two of your suggestions in the above mentioned article. And first as to the time of sowing. You say "they should be sown as early in May as the season will permit." My own limited experience teaches me that in ordinary seasons, the first week in June for our vicinity is preferable, for the reason that if put in before the ground is fully warmed, the seeds are so long in germinating, that the weeds are very apt to get the start of the plants and completely choke them, more especially if the season happens to be at all wet.

I plow in a heavy coat of manure as early in the spring as possible, to the depth of 14 inches, using your direction as to raking the manure in the furrows and completely covering the manure. I let the land lie in this state until the 25th of May, when the manure will have become quite rotten—then cross plow same depth, and then harrow thoroughly with a harrow specially prepared for this business, teeth being of wood and 15 inches long thus pulverizing the soil to its whole depth—then take a common 28 tooth square harrow and thoroughly pulverize the surface—then take my roller, and pass once over the land—this is to crush the small lumps of earth, which, in soils at all inclined to clay, are greatly in the way, especially in sowing the seed—then again after rolling give it a light harrowing to loosen the surface of the soil. Dont be afraid of working the soil too much, and getting the lumps all to pieces, as it is, I conceive, of much more importance in the root crops than with grain.

When prepared in this manner, I take a cord and draw across the lot to be sown, on one side, which gives a straight line for the first row. Then take a marker made so as to make the marks 14 inches apart, which I think is about right for soil made sufficiently rich, and no other should ever be put to roots. Let the outside tooth of the marker run by the line, and thus you have a straight row to commence with. Next time across, let one outside tooth of the marker run in the last row and so on. If your rows get crooked, draw your line across the field again, which will soon straighten matters. When a few rows are thus marked, take your machine and follow the marks—allowing the marker to be only a few rows ahead, so the rows can be readily distinguished.

I consider the great secret in raising carrots successfully, is in weeding them the first time, in the season. A day or two delay, at this period, will certainly be the means of losing the whole crop, especially if the season be wet.

I have seldom known a man but failed in this respect, on his first trial. I sowed carrots two years before I harvested any. In 1853 I harvested 550 bushels—in 1854, 1200—the last season at the rate of 800 bushels per acre by measurement.

As you remark, I consider the raising of roots, and feeding them on the farm, one of the most successful means of raising our land in our power. If 15 or 20 tons of good feed can be raised from an acre, which for feeding qualities, is as good as that amount of hay, why ought not this to satisfy any intelligent farmer of the practibility of the thing. Wm. J. Pettee.

[Country Gentleman.

Quantity of Flax Seed to the Acre. At a late discussion of flax-culture by an English Farmer's Club, Mr. Freeman, a flax grower for forty years, directed attention to a recommendation which had been made, that farmers should sow from three to three and a half bushels per acre. He warned farmers against doing anything of the sort; for to sow so much seed would prove a most serious thing for them. From six pecks to two bushels per acre was as much seed as should be sown, and if that quantity was exceeded, they would find their crops next to worthless, Mr. Boyle explained that the three and a half bushels referred to the Irish acre, which was about equal to two bushels to the English acre.

Cabbages with Corn. Mr. Brooks, of Princeton, at the last Legislative Agricultural meeting in Boston, alluded to the practice of planting cabbages among Indian corn. He knew an instance where cabbages were planted in alternate rows with corn, and the cabbages sold for $150 per acre.

SONG OF THE PLOWMAN.

BY JAMES S. BABCOCK.

"I am a MAN—in man I take a part,
The good of man is ever next my heart."

Now the budding woods grow green around,
And the fields grow green below,
Few voices wake from the melting ground,
Ah! the fair skies freshly blow,
The birds arise from their wintry dream,
And daisies unto the sun,
And we'll ahield, my jolly, brisk team—
'Tis time that our work begun!

The crop-grounds over, we tug along,
Ere the sun on the hill-tops stands,
And sturdy and strong we whistle our song,
And strike out the long, straight "lands."
How smooth the opening furrows run!
And the warm, rich light comes down;
Nor balk a stay, for stump or stone,
'Till the evening trees look brown.

Each turn, the black stripes wider grow,
And the green lands narrow fast;
Strain the beam, stout team! and bend the bow,
Brave working is soonest past!
We'll bait at noon, with rest, and feed,
There's plenty in mow and stall;
Ye shall not lack a friend at need,
As ye've been to me, through all.

Hard toil we out the teeming Spring,
And trust to friendly skies,
To shelter and nurse with their rainy wing,
When the "staff of life" shall rise.
See! the shadowy shower goes over the hills,
One side to the full, bright sun,
And her nursling, Earth, with sweet food fills;
How they drink and smile, each one!

The gold we dig is the golden corn,
Bright plow-share our mining spade,
A full-stored crib our Plenty's horn,
And such is our task and trade.
By the sweat of our brow we gain our bread,
Grudge lords nor wealth, nor lands—
Would that for man each wiser head
Toiled as well as our hard, strong hands!

FRUIT TREES.

The season for transplanting of fruit trees will soon be past. Whatever is done towards establishing orchards must be done within a few weeks, or let alone till fall. Notwithstanding the many printed and spoken words upon the importance and value of the fruit culture of New England, yet the farmers are not fully awake to their interest in the matter. It is true that thousands of trees have been set within the last few years, yet it is equally true that the wants of the community are no nearer being supplied than they were ten years since. Much has been done, yet more remains to be accomplished.

The state of the market is a sure indication of the condition of the fruit culture. Last year was a fruit bearing year. The supply of apples was as great, if not more abundant than in ordinary fruit bearing seasons. Yet through the winter, the high price at which they have been held, has placed them beyond the reach of thousands in the community.

There are no indications that the market is overstocked with fruit, or that it will be for years to come. The population of New England is increasing at the rate of six hundred thousand persons every ten years, to supply which, with the increasing demand for export, will more than exhaust the anticipated increase from newly planted trees. Even at the present time, New England does not raise enough fruit to supply her own wants. The value of orchard products raised in Massachusetts in 1850 was but forty-five cents' worth to each inhabitant! The other New England States are nearly on a level with Massachusetts, except Vermont and New Hampshire, which rank higher, the former raising one dollar's worth, and the latter seventy-eight cents' worth per inhabitant.

There is no agricultural product more remunerative than fruit. It requires but a small outlay at the beginning, and returns are soon made upon the capital invested. Flour, at the present time, is worth ten and twelve dollars per barrel, yet there are many apple trees in New England which will produce more than that amount in value. It is estimated that an orchard from the bud will pay for itself in nine years, if properly cared for. From that time on, its income upon the first cost is several hundred per cent. New England can raise the best apples upon the continent. Apples raised in warm latitudes are not late-keeping. They cannot be raised advantageously for export except in cool climates. The apples of the Southern and Middle States lose their flavor and decay more rapidly than those raised in New England. There is no good reason why New England should not only raise an abundance of fruit for home consumption, but a large surplus for export. [Boston Journal.

To Wash Sheep. A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator says, "I take a hogshead with one head out, water tight, or a large meat tub, and sink it in the stream where there is considerable current, and place a few rocks in the bottom of the hogshead. I take four stakes, with forks on one end, and drive them down until the forks come over the top of the hogshead to secure it from coming up. After this is done I dip out the water, get into the hogshead, and have a man to hand the sheep to me, and I can wash one hundred in a very short time, and be perfectly dry, only my arms."

Seeds. Plant and sow none but the best. If you discover a head of wheat, or an ear of corn ripening in advance of the rest of the crop, watch and save it to propagate from. In this way the maturation of many vegetables has been forwarded many days, and, in some cases, weeks. The largest and best developed specimens from your several field crops, are those which should be selected and reserved for seed. Attention to this important matter will cost but little, yet be productive of incalculable benefits in the long run.

The Scientific American cautions its readers against the use of painted pails, and says the oxide of lead, with which pails are painted, is a dangerous poison, and has been known to be productive of evil in many cases.

The average wheat crop of Scotland last year, was 28 to 36 bushels per acre in the best districts, and in the worst even less than 21 bushels per acre.

EAST SOMERSET AG. SOCIETY.

The Trustees of the East Somerset Agricultural Society offer, for the present year, the following

Premiums on Flax.

For the greatest amount of Straw grown on one-fourth of an acre,	$3 50
second do.	2 75
third do.	2 00
the greatest quantity of seed grown on one-fourth of an acre,	3 50
second do.	2 75
third do.	2 00

William Folson,
In behalf of the Trustees.

Hartland, May 11, 1855.

CORN FODDER AND CARROTS.

The past winter will long be remembered. The severe cold, the high prices of nearly all kinds of provisions, and the extreme scarcity of fodder, have left their "lessons." To provide in future, for the latter *emergency*, I would make a few suggestions. Many persons have suffered *some* during the past winter, (the writer included) to the tune of $25 per ton for hay, and have had to *beg* to get it at even this price. To avoid the repetition of a like *calamity*, I would suggest sowing corn for fodder, and would also recommend securing a plentiful supply of roots.

I have sowed corn, though on a limited scale, for two or three years past, and every year's experience increases my appreciation of its great value as compared with hay. I have one bull that will weigh, perhaps, 2,300 lbs., and a cow that weighs 1,500 lbs., which I "keep up" during the year. I sowed only one acre of corn last season, some of which we cut green for soiling these animals. Seven square rods, furnished food for these two animals seven days, and without any other feed. At this rate, one acre would keep one animal 320 days, or nearly a year. What was not required as green food, was carefully cured and kept for winter use; and I have no doubt but that this one acre of corn fodder was of more value than three acres of my meadow land, on an average.

Corn for fodder should be sowed *early*—as soon after planting as possible. It is then ready for cutting early, and a better opportunity for cutting it is secured. Mr. Alpheus Morse, of Eaton, (and who by the way is one of the best practical farmers in Madison Co.,) prefers a kind of sweet corn which he has, to any other variety. Probably the "Ohio corn," will rank next to this variety for this purpose, but where these cannot be conveniently procured, the farmer need not hesitate to sow any variety.

The corn should be sowed in drills three feet apart from centre to centre, and a foot wide in the drills. Take a common corn marker, and nail a board 12 inches long on to the end of each tooth; this will mark the drills. Take corn enough in a common peck basket to sow *one* row. The amount can be easily calculated by counting the rows on an acre. I have always used four bushels to the acre, but Mr. Morse writes me, that three bushels is sufficient, and he has sowed it somewhat extensively for several years past. The man who sows the corn will have "to bend his back" and keep throwing the corn a little ahead in the drill marked. A little practice will enable him to get it very even, and he will sow a row about as fast as he would naturally walk. When he gets accustomed to the quantity, he may be allowed to take any amount of corn, but it is better to commence with just enough for one row.

Cover the corn by passing the cultivator once over each, and let a boy follow, to complete the covering with a hoe. When the corn is up so as to show the rows, pass the cultivator between them, and in about two weeks repeat it.

It may be harvested with an *old* cradle, (it would be likely to spoil a good cradle,) cutting *across* the rows, or cut with a corn knife. I intended to have a cradle made shorter and stouter, on purpose to cut corn fodder. If the weather is fine, let it remain a week or longer before it is bound; then bind in *small* bundles; set it up in round shooks of six or eight bundles, bringing the tops together, and cap it with another bundle bound *tight* and *near* the butts. It may stand in this way until *well cured*, or should the weather prove quite unfavorable to accomplish this, it may be subsequently taken down and put up in *small* shocks by placing the butts out, and keeping the *tops the highest*, and if well finished and capped, may remain out until wanted for use. It must be *very thoroughly cured* to be placed in a mow. For fodder it is equal in *quality* to the best hay, but I do not think an equal weight will "go quite as far."

Perhaps for root crops the carrot is the best, and most generally cultivated. The variety I sow is the long orange. The ground should be rich, mellow, and dry land. It is best to plow it in *lands* not more than 35 or 40 feet wide, as a heavy rain about the time the seed is coming up, unless there are courses for the water to pass off readily, is apt to ruin the crop. Rake the ground before sowing. Sow with a hand drill as soon after the raking as practicable—rows 16 inches apart, and 1½ pounds of seed to the acre. Draw a line for the first row, and get it straight. The machine may readily be fixed to make a row *in advance*, by placing a stick horizontal across the drill, forward of the wheel, with mortices in each end 16 inches from the centre of the wheel. A stick the right length to mark the ground can be changed from one mortice to the other, and by getting the first row straight you have always a straight mark to run your wheel back in. My marker is fixed with a string to keep it continually on the ground.

As soon as the rows can be seen, go through with a sharp *new* hoe, (the corners must be good,) and cut the weeds as near the rows as possible. A few days later pull out the weeds *thoroughly*, and the labor of raising carrots is almost ended. They should be cleaned again as soon as the weeds make their appearance. They should be sowed as early as the ground is in condition, and I fear this article will be almost "out of season." I have known, however, very good crops, sowed in June, but a crop is far more certain, if sowed the first week in May. They usually yield from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels per acre. I have raised each extreme, the former the product of last season's drouth. They do not *cost* more than from 6 to 8 cents per bushel when harvested. [Rural New Yorker.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 24, 1855.

A GREAT CONVENIENCE, BUT A BAD MONOPOLY.

The Express business is one of the good inventions of modern times, being one of the greatest conveniences, next to the Post Office, that we have. Nothing can be more "*handy*," as a Yankee would say, than this institution. You wish to send, to a friend, or other person, a small package, or large parcel, as the case may be. You put it into proper shape, and covering, direct it, and either leave it at the express office, or ask the express man to call for it. It is done, and you have no further trouble or anxiety about it. It is carried and delivered safely. In this way almost every thing is at times sent, as we said before, small parcels, or large, cattle, horses, hogs, poultry, and even children have been sent, according to given directions, and delivered in the shortest possible time. So far it is excellent. But there is getting to be a shady side to it. It is getting to be a monopoly, and as fast as this monopoly becomes fixed on any one route, it plays the tyrant in the way of charges. But how can an express become a monopoly? Is not every one at liberty to go into the express business? Yes, if he will carry his parcels in a wheelbarrow, or a horse cart. But is not so easily done in steamboats, or on railroads. For instance, Mr. Worldly goes to the executive officers of a railroad line and says: I wish to go into the express business on your line, and to charter a car for that purpose.

The Railroad says to him: you will take away our business, Sir. We make money by carrying to and from the different stations on our line, and we cannot allow you to take away that business. But, says Worldly, you just let me a car for that business, and let no one else have one, and I will pay you such a sum for it as will make you whole. The bargain is made, Worldly pays Railroad an enormous sum for giving him, and nobody else, the privilege; and so he, to get this sum back, and a good salary besides, *skins* his employers. This is the way the monopoly is established. There is no law regulating the fee or price of the express service. There is not even the poor regulation of common custom to plead as a precedent, but any charge that the avarice or caprice of the agent or principal sees fit to make, is made, and must be paid, or the article retained. We have had some experience in these matters, in a small way, to be sure, but large enough to see and feel the power of this monopoly, and we know of some cases on a larger scale than any that we have had, that were really extortionary.

We have a desire that the express business should live and do well, but we hate all monopolies, and despise the petty gouging and wholesale extortion, which we too often see practised. If we can do nothing else in the premises, we suppose we can have the poor privilege of remonstrating against degrading a really valuable and useful institution into a despicable shaving mill.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK IN NEW YORK.

We continue our report of the anniversaries of various religious and other societies, held in New York, week before last, compiled from our Boston exchanges.

American Bible Society. On Thursday forenoon, this society held its anniversary meeting, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen presiding. It appears, from the annual report, that there have been printed, during the past year, 275,400 Bibles, and 626,000 Testaments; a total of 901,400. The number of volumes issued is 749,896. Since the organization of the society, there have been issued 10,655,647 volumes. At present there are thirty-five agents employed in the domestic field, including two on the Pacific coast. The receipts of the year are much smaller than those of the previous year, amounting to $346,811 57. One agent has been sent to Turkey and Syria, another to Venezuela, S. A., and another to Brazil. During the year, there have been published a new German octavo Bible; a Testament and Psalms, from an approved edition of Kanstein; a Welsh and Spanish New Testament from the Greek; a Welsh and English Testament, in parallel columns; and an English octavo small pica Bible, without references. The society have in press an imperial quarto Bible, designed to be the standard book of the society, and to be ready for delivery in a few months. A royal octavo Bible, with references, is also in course of manufacture. A Portuguese New Testament, translated from the Greek, is ordered to be printed; also a new diamond reference Bible.

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The Board held their meeting on Friday. Dr. Pomeroy, one of the Secretaries of the Board, made a brief statement of the affairs of the Board. During the year, the following missionaries have died: The Rev. Messrs. Benjamin, Hume, Scudder, and Poor, and Dr. Lobdell of the Mosul mission. Fourteen deaths have occurred in the mission families in Western Asia. Six ordained missionaries and six assistants have been sent out since last October; thirteen missionaries and six assistant missionaries are now under appointment; and the Board want two or three pious physicians to go out to their missions. During the month of April, the receipts were $32,426. The total receipts for nine months, from August 1, 1854, to May 1, 1855, were $213,683, an increase of $500 over the receipts of the corresponding period of the previous year. The meeting was addressed by several gentlemen, and some interesting facts were stated with regard to missions in India, some of which we have marked for insertion.

New York State Colonization Society. The meeting of this society was fully attended. Rev. Mr. Spinney gave a most interesting account of the state of the colony. The finances were reported in a good condition. The British government had presented the Republic with a vessel of war, and the Emperor Napoleon had sent 1000 stand of arms and accoutrements.

American Temperance Union. We do not find a very full account of the proceedings of this society, but the Tabernacle where they held their meeting, was crowded to excess, and the proceedings were very enthusiastic.

Interesting to Clam Diggers. The State of Maine reports a decision of the Supreme Judicial Court to the effect that "the owner of flats, where the tide ebbs and flows, has no greater right to the clam fishery thereon, than any other citizen of the State." Hurrah for a clam bake, Rhode Island fashion! No danger of trespassing, if you only go where the tide ebbs and flows.

HOLD ON, EPHRAIM.

We copy the following, in regard to the place of holding the State fair and Show in September next, from the Waterville Mail. Bro. Maxham puts the whip on to us, snapper and all. Now, Ephraim, "Strike, but hear us." When, where, wherein, whereon and wherefore, have we ever said the show would probably be at Augusta! Verily we are oblivious of ever having said, surmised, or hinted any such thing; so, Ephraim, do the honest thing, and as far as it regards us, *eat them words*—they are cheaper than flour, or sawdust either. We deny the charge, but give our anxious brother of Ticonic a chance to be heard. We have no particular choice as to the location of the show. Wherever it may be, we hope it will be a good one.

"Probably at Augusta." The editor of the Maine Farmer takes time by the forelock in proclaiming that the first annual fair of the State Agricultural Society will be held "probably at Augusta." This may be; but we should like to know on what authority the editor of the Farmer, who is the Secretary of the society, makes this early proclamation. The location of the first meeting of the society was entrusted to a committee. That committee has had no meeting and no consultation. Has the Farmer had a "feeler" among them, whose report gives ground to say "probably at Augusta?" We suppose the committee will locate the fair where it will best accommodate the farmers of the State. If Augusta can offer better accommodations than Gardiner, Winthrop, Portland, Paris, Bangor, Waterville, or the other places that various individuals have placed among the "probably," doubtless it will be there;—not because the State House or the Arsenal, or the Insane Hospital are essential to the occasion; nor because this favor should go to the State capital because all others have gone there.

It may not have occurred to the Farmer that the North Kennebec Society, with the aid of citizens of Waterville, are preparing a bill of fare to offer the committee, which it is thought they will accept. The reason for thinking this "probable" is, that it will be the best that is offered. Convenience of access, and the local accommodations that can be secured, are the points at which the committee will look. The proposition of North Kennebec will present a combination of these at least worthy of the consideration of the committee. They are now engaged in fitting up a show-ground, of about twenty acres, enclosed with tight board fence, and embracing a half-mile graded trotting course. This will be finished, and furnished with the proper conveniences, with special reference to the accommodation of the State Society. The freedom of toll-bridges, and the favors of boats and railroads, will be secured to the best advantage, with other attractive et ceteras that may at least be counted "probable." The convenience of access is an advantage that no other place can offer. By the A. & St. L., the Androscoggin, and the A. & K. Railroads, the entire southern and western sections of the State are within a few hours ride. The Penobscot & Kennebec and the Somerset & Kennebec railroads are equally convenient in an opposite direction; while either cars or boats will accommodate all the denizens of the Kennebec, from Bath to Waterville. Can any other location offer the State Society better inducements?—or can the Maine Farmer tell us why, with the offer of such accommodations at Waterville, the fair will "probably be at Augusta?" We are willing Augusta should have the favor, but not "without a why or wherefore." North Kennebec presents her claim, and expects a fair hearing—and it is at least "probable" she will have it. Other places too, we are told, will give the State Society pressing invitations. When all are before the committee, in case of disagreement, provision is made for their reference, with a statement of facts, to Mr. Dana, the member of the Board of Agriculture from Washington county, who becomes the umpire.

Note. Since the above was in type, we have received the last Waterville Mail. Bro. Maxham says he only wished "to put the ball in motion." Very well, brother, but mind where you aim it. As you have all had your say, we will now have ours. The Show will "probably" be in the town that will do best by the Society, all things considered. [Ed.

KEEPING THE CROWS OFF.

In addition to the articles upon the first page of this number, giving directions for keeping the crows from the farmer's corn, we have on hand two communications on the same subject, the first of which, from A. Woodman, of North Scarsmont, recommends to "make some crows of pieces of board, say eight inches long, the ends rounded, and nailed together crosswise, [we have not a jack-knife sketch to represent it, friend W.] Burn them black, and hang them up in the field, with a string and bending pole, as you would an old hat, and the crows will be very careful how they come near such traps. Any pieces of board, thick or thin, with four nails, will do, and they can be made and charred in rainy weather, this rainy time."

"A Mountain Farmer" says that, after trying many things ineffectually, he found the following a sure preventative:—Take some strips of bright red cloth, and fasten them to the tops of poles eight or ten feet long, (one strip to a pole is enough,) and set the poles in the cornfield. Three or four of these scare-crows will protect an acre, and you will have no more trouble from crows, even if they have got a taste of the corn before setting the poles.

MAINE MEN IN MINNESOTA.

The Minnesotian, published at St. Paul, Minnesota Territory, gives us the following account of some of our Maine men who have settled down in that part of the Union. We do not doubt that the Minnesotian would like to see a rush there from "old Kennebec,"—Maine men are always good and enterprising citizens—but neither the county nor the State can spare such men, and we hope that the "twenty more Kennebec farmers" will follow the advice in another column, to seed down an extra acre, and stay a little longer in the "Old Pine Tree State." The Minnesotian says:—

"Mr. Frank Davis and some other enterprising young farmers from Hallowell, Maine, have recently secured claims side by side, on the Cannon River. They are highly pleased with their locations; and a thousand dollars apiece would be no inducement to them to relinquish their interest to the quarter sections they have marked, upon which they are just commencing their improvements. Mr. Davis was in this city yesterday, purchasing supplies for the company, such as provisions, farming implements, seed, &c. He says they will be joined before fall by some twenty more Kennebec farmers of the same sort. The larger the number of such of its citizens, that old Kennebec affords us, the better. Send them along."

Skeleton Found. The Ellsworth American states that Messrs. Chas. Coates and Asa Crabtree, of Hancock, while at work on Bean's Island, on the 3d inst., discovered the skeleton of a man, lying about twenty feet from extreme high water mark, with the head toward the sea. A large stone was lying across the chest and left arm of the skeleton, undoubtedly, says the American, the work of some murderous wretch. The bones were very large, and the teeth bore marks of premature decay. The bones, including those of the extremities which were scattered about for the space of ten feet, were collected and buried. Probably the mystery of his death will never be solved.

Horticultural Exhibition. The Gardiner ladies propose to have a horticultural exhibition on the 3d of July next. We hope they may have a show equal to their highest anticipations. A show of flowers, well got up, will be a sight worth a longer journey than from here to Gardiner to behold. We have received a list of committees, &c., which will appear next week.

SEIZURE OF CIDER IN PORTLAND.

The Portland Advertiser of Saturday, has an account of a seizure of cider in that city, on Friday. The police seized twelve barrels of cider, found in the cellar of Lazarus Harlow, corner of Fore and Union streets. On the examination of Mr. Harlow, on the charge of keeping intoxicating liquors with intent to sell, he pleaded not guilty. He stated that he had for a long time been in the habit of selling cider, to be drank in his store, and did not consider it as violating the law. Had he so considered it, and had he been notified by the city authorities, he should have desisted.

The City Marshal testified that repeated complaints had been made to him that cider was drank freely in Mr. H.'s store, and often sold to those who were in the habit of getting intoxicated. He notified the son of Mr. Harlow, who conducted the business, that unless they stopped the sale, he should enter a complaint against them, and was answered that they should continue to sell, and were ready and desired to try the question. Receiving a similar answer, upon a second visit, the Marshal entered a complaint.

We give the decision of the Court in full, as reported by the Advertiser, as it will doubtless prove of interest to our readers. Should the Supreme Court sustain this decision, it will be seen that cider for any purpose whatever, can only be legally purchased of the manufacturer, or from the authorized city or town agent.

"The Court decided that cider was embraced in the provisions of the law against intoxicating liquors—that cider is notoriously intoxicating, although not to so great a degree as many other liquors—but when resorted to as an habitual drink by those who have acquired an appetite for strong drink, and used, as it generally is in such cases, in large quantities, it is said to be even more injurious in its effects, than stronger liquors. If, therefore, there were only the general provisions against "intoxicating liquors," cider would be embraced. But the present law left no doubt upon this point. The 30th section provides as follows:—

'Sect. 30. Nothing in this act contained shall be constructed to prevent any chemist, artist or manufacturer, in whose art or trade they may be necessary, from keeping at his place of business, such reasonable and proper quantity of such liquors as he may have occasion to use in his art or trade, but not for sale; nor to prohibit the manufacture of cider, and sale thereof by the manufacturer.'

Thus making it very clear that it was the intention of the legislature to allow no one but the manufacturer to engage in the sale. Under this provision of the law, the farmer can manufacture his apples into cider and sell the same—but others had no right to retail, especially to be drank in a store. Defendant appealed to Supreme Court."

HEAVY DAMAGES AGAINST A RAILROAD COMPANY.

In the Supreme Court at Ipswich, Mass., on Thursday last, was commenced the case of Dr. Charles H. Browne against the New York and New Haven Railroad Company, to recover compensation for personal injuries received by him at the time of the railroad accident at Norwalk, Ct., in May, 1853. Damages laid at $20,000. The Boston Journal says:

"The counsel for the prosecution stated that they should endeavor to prove that Dr. Browne was riding in the first car of the train to which the accident happened, in company with his wife; that the two were rescued from the water into which they were plunged, by some men in a boat; that Dr. Browne received from the concussion, besides other injuries, a wound upon his breast, breaking two of his ribs, and forcing one of them into his left lung, causing partial congestion of the lungs; that he suffered much, and continued feeble for many months, and that at last his heart became affected in consequence of the injury, or the inflammation which it occasioned, and that the disease of the heart has continued to the present time."

Evidence was introduced for the defence to show that the injuries received by the plaintiff were not so serious as he asserted, and the Company, while admitting its liability, and asserting its willingness to pay a reasonable compensation for his injuries, were convinced that his claim for damages was grossly unreasonable.

The case was submitted to the jury on Saturday, and they returned a verdict for the plaintiff, Dr. Browne, with damages to the amount of $16,000.

Fatal Accident. A correspondent of the Portland Advertiser, writing from Yarmouth, under date of the 16th inst., gives the following particulars of a distressing accident at that place:—

"A young man by the name of Daniel H. Needham, about 19 years of age, in the employ of Mr. Nathaniel Gooch, went into Mr. G's mill this morning to grind an axe, and either not understanding the movements of the gearing connected with the stone, or they becoming in some way entangled it was evident that he had let the water on to the shaft to carry the grindstone, and the belt becoming entangled about the stone and the frame on which it stood, and by this means the stone and frame were both drawn up to the shaft on which it operated, and in this way one end of a plank on which he stood was pushed from its resting place and precipitated Mr. N. some 10 or 12 feet to the bottom of the shaft then in rapid motion. When he was found, which was in a minute or two after he fell, the shaft, judged to weigh more than a ton, was removed from its proper position and resting in a great measure upon the unfortunate man. Life was extinct."

Young Needham was from Norway, where his parents reside, and was a very worthy and estimable young man.

Plant Largely. We copy the following remarks from the Traveller. They will apply as forcibly to Maine as to Massachusetts. Let our farmers cast their eyes over the price current, note the high prices of all kinds of produce, and then—go and put in at least one acre, extra, of some kind of root or grain crop. The Traveller says:—

"Farmers who know their own interest, will plant largely this spring. It is not yet too late for potatoes. It is not probable that the quantity raised, although greater than usual, will be sufficient to reduce very materially the prices, especially as provisions will be demanded in large quantities for the foreign markets. Industry and enterprise should be brought to bear upon many of our lands, now poorly cultivated. Labor is not so high this year but that it can be had by farmers of small means, and if properly directed, it will pay well to hire. Let the whole energy of Massachusetts be brought out."

Cotton in Maine. We do not mean to convey the idea that Maine is, or ever will be, a cotton-growing State. We are too far north for that. But we have received from Mrs. Eliza Wood, of Freedom, a fully developed, ripe boll of the cotton plant. Mrs. W. raised the plant in the house, from the seed, and this is one of a number of bolls produced from it. Although somewhat diminished in size, since picked from the plant, it is still quite a curiosity for this part of the country, and the cotton that remains is of the purest white, putting to shame the boasted purity of the "drifted snow." It may be seen at our office.

City Agent. The City Authorities have appointed Mr. B. S. Farnham City Agent for the sale of intoxicating liquors, under the new law. As that provides for the sale of *unadulterated liquors*, only, those who obtain liquor, either for medicinal or mechanical purposes, may be assured that they have the genuine article.

Maine Medical Association. This association will hold its third annual meeting at Belfast, on the 6th and 7th of June next, when Ex Gov. Hubbard is expected to deliver the annual address.

For the Maine Farmer.

FLAX FIBRE.

Mr. Editor:—I observe that the State Agricultural Society, have offered a premium for the conversion of the flax fibre into flax cotton, by "Clausory" or some other better method. To aid any person that is disposed to compete for the same, you may say that on application at your office, a sufficient quantity for the purpose of experimenting, may be had, free of charge. Agricola.

May 15th, 1855.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

How to have Good Bread. We are indebted to Redding & Co., of Boston, for a copy of a very sensible little book, entitled "The Vegetable Yeast Maker and Bread Maker: or every woman her own baker. By J. W. Worthen, fifteen years a practical baker." The author writes with a full knowledge of his subject, and presents many valuable suggestions and recipes, that every housekeeper should read. Price 25 cents.

Doestick Schottisch. A piece of music with this title has been received from the publisher, E. Livermore, 20 Beekman St., N. Y.—Mr. L. announces a new book, to be ready early in June, containing the quaint and humorous sketches of "Doestick," some of which have appeared in the Farmer. It will have a great run. Sent free of postage for 75 cts., paper; $1,00 cloth gilt.

Leslie's Ladies' Gazette. We have received the May number of this work. It contains many beautiful patterns for the ladies, illustrations of the fashions, much interesting literary matter, paper patterns, full size, &c. It is an elegant and useful book for a lady's centre table. Published by Frank Leslie, No. 6 John St., N. Y., at $3,00 per annum.

Littell's Living Age. The last number of this work contains, among other interesting articles, the following:—"A Girl's Dilemma;" "The Paris Exposition;" "Capt. Fishbourne on China;" "Memoirs of the Court of Austria;" "Death of Nicholas;" and "Dryden and his Times." The Living Age, as we have often said, is an excellent work. It keeps its readers well informed of everything of interest transpiring in either the literary or political world, and finds room, besides, for the interesting tales of Blackwood, Chambers' Journal, Sharpe's Magazine, and, in short, of the whole race of periodicals, great and small. We once heard a gentleman say, that a person who possessed a full file of the Living Age would need no other library, and we think he was not far from right. Published weekly by Littell, Son & Co., Boston, at $6 per annum.

The Union and Journal. This paper comes to us much enlarged, printed on new type and otherwise improved. Brother Cowan labors hard to get up an interesting paper, and we hope his labors may meet with their reward.

Large Rhubarb. A correspondent clips from a Manchester, England, paper a paragraph in regard to an annual show of rhubarb. The plants were of the "Queen" specie, (known here, we presume, as the "Victoria rhubarb,") and the specimens to which premiums were awarded were of the following weights: 6 lbs., 15 oz.; 4 lbs., 15½ oz.; 4 lbs., 11¼ oz.; and from that down to 2 lbs., 1½ oz. The longest plants exhibited were of the following dimensions:—Circumference of the stick, 7½ inches; length from root to top of leaf, 7 feet; leaf four feet and eight inches broad, and four feet long. This was the growth of six weeks. The exhibitor was Anthony Bradburn, of Tent Hill, England. Our correspondent adds that Mr. Goodale of Saco, has plants of the same kind, that grow to a very large size. There is some satisfaction in raising such plants as the above.

College Festival. The State of Maine says that a convention of the "Chi Psi" Fraternity is to be held at Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday, the 6th of June next. The oration is to be delivered by Melville W. Fuller, a member of the Bowdoin Chapter, of the class of 1853. The poem is to be pronounced by Charles D. Helmer, of Buel, N. Y., a member of the Hamilton Chapter, class of 1852. The "Chi Psi" Fraternity is a College association, and was first established at Union College, New York, in 1842. There are now nine Chapters at as many colleges in the United States, four of them being in New England. The Chapter at Bowdoin College was established in 1843. The whole number of members in the different Chapters is between 500 and 600, embracing many persons of ability and distinction. A convention is held annually, at which delegates from the different Chapters meet together, and among the proceedings are usually an Oration and Poem, delivered by Members of the Fraternity.

Man Missing. A week or two ago a rumor was published in some of our exchanges that Mr. Esty N. Doe, of China, late jailer in this city, was missing from Portland, but as it was afterwards asserted that he had been seen in Boston, and it was supposed had gone to that city on business, we made no allusion to the matter. But it seems that he is still missing, not having since been heard from. The Age of last week says:—

"In our last paper we stated that Mr. Doe, whose absence had excited the fears of his family had been heard from. We now regret to be obliged to add, that although he was, in fact, seen in Boston one day after his disappearance from Portland, he has not since been heard from. Intelligence concerning him should be sent to Hon. Alfred Marshall, China, or to J. B. Foster, Esq., Editor of Zion's Advocate."

Since the above was in type, we learn that Mr. Doe has returned to his family.

Well Provided For. A correspondent in Orland, who thinks that the field should not be yielded to Dixmont without a struggle, says: "I have six children, who have two great-great-grand-parents, four grand-parents, ten great-great-uncles and aunts, forty-six great-uncles and aunts, and twenty-six uncles and aunts. This is a small number to what the Down East children generally have. There is a child in Orland, eight years old, that had eleven grandparents, the day he was born, and they all met at one house and took tea." We should think it would puzzle our friend's children to "keep the run" of their numerous uncles and aunts, and that they would need a long memory to remember their names, even.

Fatal Accident. In addition to the unusually numerous accidents in various parts of the State, the past week, we learn from the Damariscotta Sentinel that Mr. Rufus M. Knowlton, of Nobleboro', while at work upon the ship frame of Wm. Hitchcock & Co., missed his footing and fell from the upper bow stage to the ground, a distance of about twenty feet, striking upon a stick of timber. He was taken up insensible, and remained so until his death, which occurred the following morning.

Maine Vessel Lost. We notice, in the list of Maine disasters, the loss of ship Pauline, of Bath, 475 tons, owned by Messrs. J. T. Patten, Arnold & Co., and G. & J. Donnell, and built in 1852. She was lost on Elbow Key, Abaco. There was an insurance upon her of $25,000, of which $10,000 was in the Bath Mutual, $10,000 at the New England office, Boston, and $5000 at the Hope office, Boston.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Mormons in the Sandwich Islands. By the way of California we learn that the Mormons have secured a good foothold in the Sandwich Islands. A chief has presented to the missionaries of that sect a large tract of land in the island of (Laina?) to be used by them for a term of years as a gathering place for their people. The island, although more than one hundred miles from Honolulu, is but ten miles from the important port of Lahaina, which will afford a good market for the articles that they raise. A Mormon newspaper is soon to be commenced there.

Survey of Kansas. Late accounts from Kansas inform us that the Surveyor General has just completed his base line between that Territory and Nebraska, but that it will be a year at least before the surveys will be sufficiently advanced to authorize the opening of a land office. No lands can be secured, save on the squatter principle, until that time.

In the Lion's Paw. On Saturday afternoon, says one of our Boston exchanges, a man having with him a little child visited the menagerie in Howard street, and while looking at the lion the man took the child in his arms and was in the act of placing his hand on the animal's head, when it suddenly struck the child with its paw, tore off one of its ears, and badly bruised its face. The child is not expected to live.

Freaks among the Peach Blossoms. Dr. White, the Post Master at Union Star, Ky., in a letter to the Louisville Courier, notices a singular fact. "In that section throughout every peach orchard there has been a greater bloom than for many years past, and upon examining the blossoms a singular phenomenon is observable. In some orchards for every blossom examined, there has been found inside the cups from one to as many as seven well-formed peaches, and a large majority of the blossoms have three or four cups in them. This has never been observed in that part of Kentucky before."

Railroad Tunnel between Dover and Calis: It has been proposed to build a railroad tunnel under the English channel between Dover and Calais, so as to establish a permanent communication between France and England. Several projects have been proposed; among them, that of Dr. Payerne, who offers to perform the work, if supplied with 150 submarine boats, 1500 sailors and workmen, 4,340,000 cubic yards of material, and 240,000,000 francs. By means of such a tunnel the channel might be crossed in thirty-three minutes.

Coal. The Philadelphia Ledger of Saturday says the anthracite tonnage last week, by the three great transportation lines terminating in that city reached the enormous aggregate of 133,335 tons—an amount unequalled at this early period of the season. The Ledger predicts that should this activity continue, prices will have to come down.

The Ice in the St. Lawrence. Letters from Quebec, dated on Tuesday last, report that on the Saturday previous the ice embargo in front of that city was removed, and on Monday the 7th inst., several ships arrived from below, and one of the Montreal steamers made her first trip for the season. The oldest inhabitants do not remember a season before, when loaded vehicles crossed the St. Lawrence on the ice, so late as the fourth day of May.

A large raft of lumber. The largest raft ever run on the Susquehanna passed Columbia a few days ago. The Spy says: "Some of the lumber, we understand, was made from trees marked by the Mahopony trappers, and which afterward served as guides to General Schuyler, in his celebrated attack against the Indians, through that section, at the close of the Revolutionary war. The raft contained twelve platforms of thirty-one boards deep."

A large deposit of counterfeit coin. On Sunday, some newsboys, while groping in the ruins of the houses now being torn down at the corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, New York, struck a vein in the shape of a large quantity of counterfeit Spanish pistareens. The police rescued from the boys about half a bushel of the coin, which had evidently been buried for a long time.

A Sad Accident. Five children were killed near Empire City, in Oregon, on the 26th of March last, by the falling of a spruce tree two hundred and fifty feet in height, which was standing at a distance of two hundred feet from the house in which the children were sleeping. The heavy branches crushed through the roof and floor of the house, instantly killing five of the eight persons who were within at the time. The survivors, strange to say, received no injuries.

A Variety Trunk. The Portland Advertiser says that a suspicious trunk was seized at a depot in Portland, by the police, on Monday, and upon being opened was found to contain a neat looking cask of liquor, various articles of clothing, several large tailors' shears, and a number of Catholic books, including a massive and elegant Bible.

Destructive Fire at Petersburg, Va. Baltimore, May 18. Twelve stores in Petersburg, Va., were destroyed by fire, with nearly all their contents, yesterday. The property is estimated at $150,000, and was the most valuable in the city, being located in the best business part of it.

Westward Ho. The St. Louis Intelligencer says that since the opening of western navigation, about twelve hundred persons have crossed the Mississippi at Hannibal Ferry, on their way to Kansas, having with them two hundred and thirty five wagons and teams, household furniture, and some farming implements. Forty persons and eight wagons and teams, have crossed the river on their way to Nebraska, and about fifty persons, with ten or fifteen wagons and teams, and one hundred and fifty head of cattle, have passed west on their route to California. The California emigration has been very light so far.

Mexican Boundary Survey. The Washington Union has intelligence from Fort Yuma, on the Colorado, as late as the 18th inst. The triangulation of the surveying party was rapidly progressing, and Lieutenant Michler expected to establish the initial point upon the Colorado river before the close of the month. The party had experienced much difficulty in their triangulations on account of the waving motion of the atmosphere during the heat of the day, and had decided in future to make all observations at night, by the aid of signal lights.

Barnum's Baby Show. Barnum's baby show promises to be a failure. It is condemned almost universally as disgusting and disgraceful. He has sent round a circular to all the doctors to attend gratis, and promises some curious facts on the manner of improving the race of humanity, as if he had some South Down sheep on exhibition. Barnum's book has done the work for himself. It will cost him more than $60,000 before he is well through with it. So says a New York correspondent of the Boston Journal.

Utah. Colonel Steptoe, Governor of Utah, has sent men to explore a new route to California, which decreases the distance some two hundred and fifty miles below that of the road north of Salt Lake. The city authorities of Salt Lake have abolished all licenses for the sale of spirituous liquors. An effort is being made to pass a prohibitory law.

REMARKABLE PETRIFICATIONS.

The workmen employed in removing the old burying ground hill at Dennett's cove, on the grounds of the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad, have, within a day or two, thrown out a number of very remarkable bones, some of them petrified. They are found in a stratum of blue clay, some forty feet below the surface of the ground, and immediately beneath a thick bed of marl. The most numerous of the petrifications are supposed, from their shape, and graduated sizes, to be the vertebræ of some monstrous animal—the largest yet found being of flat oblong shape, and from ten to twelve inches in their longest diameter—the smaller ones being nearly in the shape of a flattened sphere, and of various diameters, down to two inches. Each bone of this kind has a separate cap, something like a knee-pan, upon each of its flat sides, covering nearly the whole of the bone on each side, and fitting exactly to the bone by means of numerous ridges and indentations crossing and running into each other in every direction. These caps on the larger bones, are from a quarter to half an inch thick, with a concave inner surface corresponding with the convexity of the bone, and can be made to fit down to it only in one position. They were evidently connected with the bones by means of cartilages, and intended to give flexibility to the motions of the animal. Each bone has two circular perforations of from three-eighths to three-quarters of an inch in diameter, entirely through the thickest portion, or from top to bottom of them (if they are vertebræ)—the perforations or holes not being parallel with each other, but diverging at an angle of about 130 degrees.

It is the opinion of Dr. Mason and others, that these singular petrifications belonged to some monster, whose race was long since extinct.

Among them is a part of a massive thigh bone, with a moveable cap on its upper end, and another and a larger one, supposed to be a shoulder-bone. A quantity of marine shells were found in the vicinity. [Bangor Courier.

Run Away. Three boys named Churchill, Beal and Wood, escaped from the Reform School, Sunday, and were still at large last night. The plan which, before leaving, they announced to some of the other boys, was to go to Portland, break into some one or more stores, get money, and then leave the country. The Beal boy was serving a second term at the School. He was first sent for one year, and had hardly been released a day before breaking into G. L. Bailey's store on Exchange street, of which, after being arrested, he made confession, when he was returned to the School for the term of his minority. He is now about eleven years old.

[Portland Advertiser, 15th.

The Runaways Found. The three boys who escaped from the Reform School the other day, broke into Thurston's store on the corner of Park and Pleasant streets, stole three dollars worth of coppers, and a lot of candy. Mr. Lincoln (the Superintendent of the School) afterwards tracked them to Saco, where he found and arrested them. The adventurous trio, are now safe in their old quarters. [Ibid, 19th.

Fire and Loss of Life. On Thursday night, 10th inst., the dwelling house of Mr. Isaac Whitman, of Mexico, was entirely consumed, with all its contents. A little girl, thirteen years of age, named Miriam Oldham, a sister to Mrs. Whitman, was unable to escape, and was burned to death. The other occupants made their escape in their night clothes. Great effort was made to rescue the little girl, but without avail; and after the building was consumed, a few charred bones were all that could be found of her remains. She slept in a chamber, in the part of the house which took fire first, and from appearances, must have attempted to cross to a window in the opposite side of the house, and being overcome by the dense smoke, fell before reaching it. She was a daughter of Sidney and Miriam Oldham, of Peru, and at the time of her death was spending a few days, on a visit to her sister. [Oxford Democrat.

Accident at Welshville. A very severe accident occurred at the lumber mills of G. W. King & Co., yesterday. Albert G. Leonard, the filer of the mills, upon going below to oil his gearing, stepped upon a plank which had been displaced by high water, and lost his balance.—To save himself from falling into the water, he took hold of a cog wheel which was in operation, with his left hand, and had its arm crushed to the shoulder from the hand. After this horrible crushing, Mr. Leonard fell into the water where he remained some time. He managed to get out after much exertion, and presented himself to his fellow workmen in his crippled state. His arm has been amputated but so serious an accident can hardly be other than fatal.

[Portland Advertiser, 17th.

Gardiner Bridge Co. At a meeting of the Stockholders of the Gardiner and Pittston Bridge, the following gentlemen were chosen Directors for the current year, viz: Stephen Young, John Jewett, F. T. Lally, Wm. R. Gay, W. L. Lewis. A. H. Clark, Clerk.

At a subsequeut meeting of the Directors, John Jewett, Esq., was chosen President of the Board of Directors, and Stephen Young, Esq., Treasurer. The affairs of the Company are represented as in a prosperous condition.

[Transcript.

Specifications for the Belfast Custom House and Post Office. The treasury department has forwarded the printed specifications for the Custom House and Post Office, to be erected by government in this city. The building will front upon Main street, that is, standing in the heater will face the water. It will be of brick and iron, the floors laid with scantling, but there will not be sufficient wood work to endanger the structure by fire originating within or without. The building will be two stories high, with storage and furnace rooms in the basement. The doors, window-shutter casings, &c., will be of iron, the floors of the principal rooms of tesselated marble, the fire places of fire brick, with marble mantles, &c., &c. From the specifications we judge that the structure will a permanent ornament to the city, and commodious in a practical point of view. [Belfast Journal.

Fire and loss of Life. On Tuesday night of last week, about midnight, the house of Mr. Samuel Ricker, of Hartland, was discovered to be on fire. It was with great difficulty that the family were saved from the flames; and two of them, the mother and sister of Mrs. Ricker, wee so nearly smothered, that the former, 88 years of age, died on Friday. The daughter was alive yesterday, but her recovery was tho't doubtful. But for the aid of Mr. R. and his son, both would have perished at the time, as they were senseless when discovered, and remained so till the next day. Nearly all the furniture was lost. No insurance.

[Waterville Mail.

Death of Hon. John C. Spencer. The New York papers of Friday announce the death of Hon. John C. Spencer, a distinguished citizen of that State, and an active, energetic, and useful public man for many years. He was also eminent in his profession as a lawyer. During the administration of Vice President Tyler, he was Secretary of War, and subsequently Secretary of the Treasury. He has held many important State offices, also.

Swedenborgian Church. We learn that the Swedenborgian, or "New Church" Society, of Gardiner, have commenced the construction of a house of worship, that is to be a very handsome edifice. It is of the Gothic stylo of architecture, with towers and pinnacles at each corner, and its dimensions are 60 by 31 feet on the ground.

The Wolves Abroad. The Ellsworth paper reports that seventeen sheep were killed at "Boggy Brook," in Ellsworth, by wolves. The sheep were not torn to pieces, the wolves having merely sucked the blood from their veins.

Body Found. We understand that the body of Mr. Tracy, who fell from the railroad bridge in this city, and was drowned, on the 20th ult., was found, on Sunday last, at Gardiner.

Lincoln Ag. Society. We have received the premium list of this society, too late for insertion in this week's paper. We will endeavor to make room for it next week.

LATEST NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship Northern Light, arrived at New York on Wednesday last. She brings 361 passengers, and $279,000 in gold.

Owing to the general distrust in banking houses, the passengers have a large amount of specie in their own hands.

Purser Hatch reports that in the interior of Nicaragua there had been no further fighting. The government party had retreated from Leon, finding the army of Munos too strong for them, and were fortifying Grenada.

Another report states that a revolution broke out in Nicaragua, on the 6th ult., occasioned by the accession to power of Gen. Munos.

There is little of interest from California.

The United States Land Commissioner had confined the Webster claim to eleven square leagues of land, which the city of Stockton had located.

The Nicaragua expedition, under Col. Walker, was to have left San Francisco about the time the steamer sailed. It consisted from 75 to 100 men, including Mr. Achilles Kewen, Capt. Hornsby, and other well known individuals. The brig Vesta had been directed to convey them down as emigrants.

The recently discovered mines at Sand Hill, Yuba County, were reported to be yielding, on an average, $50 per day for each man.

It is said that the planting of wheat in the agricultural districts of the state had been much larger than any previous year, and this, too, with California flour selling at $6 the barrel.

Outside efforts to get up another trial to elect a United States Senator were quite vigorous, but the chances were very slim. According to a letter from Sacramento the question had assumed a new and rather complicated phase, as, under a strict construction of the law in relation to elections in California, there appears to be no doubt but that Dr. Gwin is entitled to the seat in the Senate. The point seems to be the clause of the Constitution which declares that a plurality of votes given at any election, shall constitute a choice when not otherwise directed in the Constitution. Dr. Gwin, having received a plurality of seven votes over Mr. Edwards, on the first ballot in joint convention, it is contended he has been constitutionally elected.

Two hundred and sixty-four ejectment suits had been commenced in San Francisco, in view of the expiration of the statute of limitations.

The question of dividing the State has been discussed in the Assembly, and an act introduced dividing it into three States—California, Colorado and Shasta.

A bill to exempt the fugitive Meiggs from prosecution, if he should return and tell on his accomplices, had passed the Senate by a vote of 17 to 10.

San Francisco papers say that a clipper had been engaged to take flour to New York, and that some other vessels were also engaged to take flour to Boston and elsewhere.

An attempt has been made at San Jose to force a negro back into slavery, but the Judge decided that the Fugitive law of California had expired, and that the slave was illegally detained. He was accordingly discharged. Other proceedings were taken in the U. S. District Court, with what effect has not transpired.

A vessel which arrived at San Francisco from Mazatlan, reported that the Mexican State of Jalisco was overrun with robbers. The city of Santiago had been sacked, many of the inhabitants murdered, and some of the women carried into captivity. A body of citizens followed and overtook the maurauders as they were retreating, but after a sharp fight were defeated, and, with the exception of one man who escaped, all were put to death. An attack of the banditti was expected

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIC.

The steamship Baltic arrived at New York on Friday last, bringing dates from Europe to the 5th inst. We give the following synopsis of her news :—

GREAT BRITAIN. The bill for a loan of £16,000,000 was read a third time, and passed on the night of the 1st inst., by the House of Commons, and on the same night was ordered to be committed to the House of Lords.

The monthly returns of the board of Trade are published. They are five days short as contrasted with those for the month ending 5th of April, 1854, owing to the going into effect of a new regulation; they show a falling off of about £1,000,000.

Metals have experienced the greatest decline, owing to the diminished demand for iron for railway works in the United States.

Sir John Burgoyne was before the Roebuck Committee, and gave some important evidence in regard to the conduct of the war in the Crimea.

The Budget has virtually passed both Houses, with but little opposition and little modification.

Throughout the country a strong feeling against the Ministry is being manifested. Indignation meetings regarding the conduct of the war have been held in Derby, Sheffield, and other places, and a meeting of the inhabitants of London will be held, at which an administrative reform association is proposed to be organized. Similar meetings prompted by the principal men of all political parties are to be held in Liverpool and other towns.

FRANCE. The Emperor of the French had a narrow escape from assassination on the evening of the 28th ult., while on his way to join the Empress in their usual evening ride in the Champs Elysees. The Emperor was accompanied by the officers of his household, and when near the Barriere del Etoile, he was approached by a well dressed man, with an action intimating a desire to present a petition. He had advanced to within five or six paces of the Emperor, who had not observed him, when he was discovered by a policeman, who thinking it was the intention of the stranger to present some document to the Emperor, advanced quietly to inform him that such an act in the street was strictly prohibited. As the policeman was proceeding towards the man, a cab was driven rapidly between them, and in the interval the individual had drawn a double barreled pistol, and aiming point blank at the Emperor, discharged both barrels, but without effect. He was immediately seized by the police, but not until he had drawn another pistol, and made another attempt to shoot. It is said that one of the balls grazed the Emperor's hat.

The would-be assassin is an Italian named Pianosi. He was in London while the Emperor was making his visit, and would have made the attempt there if it had not been prevented by the great concourse of people. The Emperor proceeded with his ride, and visited the "Opera Comique" with the Empress in the evening, where he was greeted by an immense outburst of loyalty and enthusiasm.

The Emperor has decided not to receive any formal address of congratulation, though an exception has been made in regard to the British residents in Paris who held a meeting on the 2d, which was largely attended, and an address adopted.

The corporation of London has also taken similar action in relation to the event. Pianosi is in close imprisonment, and in a terrible state of excitement from the effects of rage and fear. He will be tried about the middle of May.

The Fusionist and Orleanist papers publish the official accounts of the attempted assassination from the *Moniteur* without a word of comment. No political cause for the attempt had been discovered, and it was believed to be an act of revenge.

It is now positively stated that the contemplated journey of the Emperor Napoleon to Constantinople and the Crimea, has been indefinitely suspended, if not abandoned.

The Moniteur publishes an Imperial decree, postponing the opening of the Universal Exhibition from the 1st to the 15th of May.

The Bishop of Montpelier has given up his mansion with a beautiful Park on the shores of the Mediterranean, to the French Government, for the reception of convalescents from the Crimea. It will accommodate about 1600 patients.

PRUSSIA. *Berlin, May 2.* The session of the Prussian Chambers was closed to-day by a speech from Baron Manteufel. After renumerating the various legislative enactments passed during the session, the ministerial speech promises that the credits granted will be used as economically as consistent with duty in presence of an army prepared for war during the actual unsettled state of affairs, so as to vindicate the independence and position of Prussia as a great power.

POLAND. Letters from Warsaw depict in mournful colors the situation of all classes of the population in the kingdom of Poland.—Commercial credit is all but destroyed, and mercantile houses in great numbers are suspending payment. The mass of the people live in dread of the conscription, and fly from their homes and country in the hope of escaping military service.

RUSSIA. Private letters from St. Petersburg state that the appearance of the city denotes the activity displayed for the energetic continuance of the war.

The Czar devotes his whole time and attention to the military preparations that are going on.

The towns and villages around, swarm with soldiers of the Militia. On their caps they wear a cross, underneath are the words in Russian: "For Religion and the Czar."

The disturbances in the Ukraine are not at present of importance. The real cause of the movements is said to have been the complete exhaustion of the means of the peasantry, by the immense supplies which they have been obliged to provide for the Southern army.

An Imperial Ukase of the 2d of April, declares the Government of St. Petersburg to be under martial law, under the command of Gen. Rulegor.

Another Ukase places the Governments of Courland and Levinia under martial law, under Gen. Seivers, and Esthonia under Gen. Grabbe.

THE WAR NEWS. The siege of Sebastopol was progressing, and the Allies were apparently gaining ground. The bombardment, however, had slackened, if not entirely ceased, in order not to exhaust the ammunition.

Lord Raglan admits that it had not produced the result looked for.

The list of casualties to the Allies was not heavy.

The general impression in England appeared to be that the siege will be abandoned for the present, and that while Kamiesch and Balaclava are left to the defense of a few corps, the main portion of the Allied troops will try to penetrate into the interior, and cut off the supplies from Sebastopol, and then completely invest the town.

Numerous reinforcements were constantly reaching the allies.

The French reserve of 8,000 near Constantinople was expected to be sent to Balaclava.

The Russian official accounts are to the 24th of April, and represent the damage sustained as of little account, and actively repaired during the night, while the skirmishes are generally successful. The loss sustained by the garrison from the 11th to 15th of April is set down at seven subalterns and 436 men killed, and six superior and thirty-four subaltern officers, and 1890 men wounded.

The English captured the first Russian pit on the night of the 11th, after a desperate encounter, in which Col. Graham Egerton, the field officer in command, was killed.

On the 20th an attack was made on the second Russian rifle pit, and it was almost immediately abandoned.

According to the statements of two Polish deserters, there are 100,000 Russian troops in the vicinity, 60,000 of whom have arrived from (?) Sebastopol.

The forts on the North side of the harbor had taken part in the cannonade, carrying their shots clear over the town, into the lines of the Allies, during the first week of the bombardment.

The English alone fired about 2200 tons of shot and 500 tuns of powder, so that the total consumption of the allies for the week probably amounted to some 6000 tuns of shot and 1500 tuns of powder.

The telegraph between London and the Crimea was perfect, except a small portion across the Danube.

Despatches reached the British Government in a few hours, but were not generally communicated to the public. Although nightly questions were asked in Parliment as to the news, ministers declared that they should exercise due discretion in its publication.

The Vienna negotiations are of course at an end.

Lord John Russell has reappeared in his seat in Parliament, and M. Drouyn De L'Huys had returned to Paris.

Lord John Russell stated the substance of the negotiations, and intimated that the protocols would be submitted to Parliament.

The following are the latest despatches from the seat of war :

A sharp engagement took place on the night of the first of May, in front and left attack, the whole Russian Rifle Pits were taken, with eight mortars and 200 prisoners. The whole affair was brilliant for the Allies.

Paris, May 4th. The report to-day is that on the 2d inst., the besiegers took possession of some very important Russian works of counter approach, after a fierce engagement. On the 3d the Russians attempted to break the position which remained in the hands of the Allies.

Constantinople, May 2d. Lord Stratford De Redcliffe has returned here.

Mehemet Ali is recalled from exile.

Gen. Canrobert speaks to his troops of immediate operations.

Orders have been received to prepare transports before Sebastopol May 4th.

On Wednesday night, the French, under General Pellissier, attacked the advanced works of the Quarantine Bastion, and carried them at the point of the bayonet, taking twelve mortars from the Russians, and establishing themselves in the conquered position.

The following night the Russians made a sortie to regain their position, and after a sanguinary encounter were driven back.

The British Baltic fleet had left Kiel, and the French fleet were about to sail from Cherbourg.

The King of Prussia was ill of fever.

The insurrection in the Ukraine, Russia, had extended to three other governments. Twenty landed proprietors, with their wives and families, had been destroyed.

At St. Petersburg every article of consumption was at famine prices.

Erzeroum was being fortified. It is said the mission of Messrs. Murray and Boarce to the Persian government is a failure.

There was a movement of troops on the Persian frontier.

Bajazid is reported to be in the hands of the Russians.

CHINA AND JAPAN. The news from China, brought by the overland mail, is highly important. The rebels have been driven away from Canton, and the Imperialists have now full sway. The blockade has been put a stop to, the rebels being taken by surprise, and retreating down the river. This result has been attended with the usual Chinese ferocity. A letter says that the place of execution has been a vast carnage field, where hundreds have daily been put to death, in the hope of striking terror into the minds of the population.

At Shanghai, also, the imperialists have succeded in recapturing the city, followed by frightful atrocities in revenge for opposing the imperial rule. Beyond the mere fact of the capture of the city, little more is known with certainty, the accounts being very conflicting. All accounts agree in representing the foul atrocities committed by the mandarins. Nearly five hundred prisoners had been put to death, and some were tortured in the most frightful manner before being put out of the way. Some of the rebel chiefs have succeeded in escaping, but by far the greater number of the ringleaders have found themselves in the hands of their unrelenting enemy.

A letter from an officer of the U. S. steamer Powhattan, dated March 2d, off the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang, announces the exchange of the ratifications of the Japanese and United States treaty, at Japan, on the 21st ultimo, and the visitation of Japan with a most severe earthquake on the 23d of December last, whereby the city of Ohosaca, the largest city in Japan, and the town of Simoda, were destroyed, and Jeddo much injured.

THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD FRAUDS. In the case of the N. Y. and New Haven Railroad Company against William Cross, impleaded with Robbert Schuyler and three hundred and twenty-three others, Judge Cowles of the New York Supreme Court has delivered, as stated by telegraph, an important opinion, adverse to the Company. The opinion, after stating the allegations and prayer of the complaint, which includes as defendants all the holders of the spurious stock, and claims that they surrender the same to be cancelled, and that an injunction be made perpetual against them, restraining them from commencing suits against the company in other courts, finally arrives at the conclusion that the defendants cannot be included in one action, inasmuch as the particular circumstances connected with the case of each are different. It decides :—

1st. That as to the class who received the so-called spurious stock with guilty knowledge, the company would be entitled to a judgment against them, that they have no rights against the company.

2d. That as to those who received it as a part of a usurious transaction, further argument might be heard first.

3d. As to the innocent holders purchasing or advancing without guilty knowledge that they have "a perfect right to full idemnity against the company for the acts of Schuyler."

The learned judge held that these classes could not be joined as defendants in one action, in a court exclusively selected by the plaintiff. The complaint was consequently held multifarious, and judgment ordered for the defendant, Cross, on his demurrer. [Boston Journal.

THE SUPPLY OF FLOUR. A St. Louis correspondent of the New York Tribune states that he has trustworthy data for estimating that there is in different ports on Lake Michigan a stock of flour and wheat equivalent to 656,000 barrels of flour. It is further estimated that Lake Erie will turn out 300,000 bbls., and that Canada will furnish at least 500,000 bbls. more, in wheat and flour. This would give a total of 1,456,000 barrels from the lakes and Canada. The New York Price Current recently estimated the amount of flour and wheat on hand as equivalent to only 700,000 barrels of flour. We are inclined to think that the estimates of the St. Louis writer are the most reliable. The wheat crop of last year was not effected by the drouth, and was acknowledged to be large. The fall receipts were, notwithstanding, comparatively light, which was attributed to the low water in mill streams, by which the millers were prevented from grinding. Making all due allowance for the enhanced consumption of wheat in the interior, to supply the deficiency of the corn crop, there must still be a fair supply to come forward.

A MARINE RAILWAY. We understand that Pendleton & Ross of this city, have made all the contracts and arrangements for building, and will immediately commence the first-class double-track marine railway on the Brewer side of the river, near the canal. One of the tracks will be 600 feet long, with a descent of five eighths of an inch to the foot—the cradle for the vessel to be 150 feet long and 40 wide. The track will accommodate vessels as large as 800 tons, of 150 feet keel.

The second track will be 336 feet in length, with a descent of three-fourths of an inch to the foot—the cradle to be 95 feet long, and 34 wide—and accommodate vessels up to 250 tons burthen and 95 feet keel.

The work of constructing the railway is under the superintendence of Mr. Horace J. Crandall, civil engineer and marine railway builder, of New Bedford, Mass.—and the cost is to be about $20,000. [Bangor Whig.

FIRE. The dwelling house occupied by Rev. Charles P. St. Clair, and barn attached to the same, was destroyed by fire at South Dover on Thursday night last, with nearly all their contents. The inmates barely escaped with their lives. We understand there was an insurance on the house by the Piscataquis Mutual In. Co. for $500. [Dover Observer, 4th.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

BALTIMORE, May 17. New Orleans papers of Friday contain the details of Mexican news to the 8th.

Santa Anna as already announced had left the Capital for Michoacan. A report obtained circulation in the city of Mexico that a body of troops in Seamora, had revolted, and that a pronunciamento had been issued. The Mexican Government has ordered the suspension of all payments, except those under treaties respecting the foreign debt.

Sickness continues to prevail in the city of Mexico, particularly the small pox, which had made great ravages.

On the 28th of April the Supreme Government had 4000 troops concentrated in the Capital of Michoacan.

Lieut. Don Jose Mana Pira had been sentenced to six years imprisonment in the fortress, and to be dismissed from the service for fighting a duel with the Spanish Consul.

The Universal states that letters from Premandivo give the accounts of many murders having been committed by the Indians. The place was attacked by a band of 1000 savages, and all the houses in the town were sacked. The military commandant and the Postmaster were shot.—Some of the principal inhabitants were beheaded, and many women violated and carried off.

THE MEXICAN BOUNDARY SURVEY. The Colorado has been surveyed for twenty miles above the mouth of the Gila, and a long distance below—in all, about 130 miles. The triangulation has been rapidly progressing. The initial point on the Colorado had not been established, but was to be fixed before the end of March. When this is done, the surveying party will leave the river and commence tracing a line across the desert. The Colorado is a very crooked river; at one point, after making a circuit of five or six miles, returns to within sixty feet of the starting point. A small steamboat, drawing twenty-three inches of water, is running on the river, near the mouth of the Yuma, for transporting stores and provisions. This stream is so rapid during high water that no boat can stem the torrent. In the vicinity of Camp Yuma the bottoms are covered with a dense growth of cotton wood, willow, and mezquite.

Gold has been discovered between Camp Yuma and San Diego, some fifty miles from the latter place, but none of the "big nuggets," have been found. It is a disputed question whether these mines are in the United States or Mexico. These mines are claimed as the private property of one Aredonda, who formerly worked them. The ore, it is said, yields 80 per cent. of copper and an ounce of gold to the one hundred pounds. But it will be difficult to work them as there is neither wood nor water near.

THE CALORIC MOTOR. It is a fact of considerable interest to both the scientific and commercial world, that Ericsson invention for propelling vessels by the aid of coloric, is by no means abandoned, as is generally believed, but still has the implicit confidence of those who have had the largest experience in the matter, and whose means have contributed most to its development up to the present time. It is an established fact that a large ship has been propelled by it at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, and that it was by the power of caloric that the "Ericsson" visited Washington City. The principle remains, and there are those cognizant of all the facts bearing on the subject, who predict that within a few months the name of Ericsson will again be illustrious. Patents for his invention are said to have gone out to Europe, within a few days. It is known that the Ericsson has made her trial trip, but without caloric. Upwards of $350,000 have been expended in experiments with this vessel, but they have not been fruitless. Mr. Ericsson has been nobly sustained by John B. Kitching, a merchant of New York, who, with his associates, entertains opinions similar to those expressed above. It remains to be seen on what they are based.

[New Haven Register.

TREASURE FOUND. On Tuesday, while the workmen of Dr. John Cummings of Richmond's Island, were ploughing on the westerly side of the island, they turned up a pot containing seventeen gold coins of Charles II time, several pieces of silver and a gold ring. The coins bore upon one side the following description and device :—in the centre, head of Charles II, with XX. surrounded by the words, CAROLUS D. G. MAG. BR. FR. et HIB. REX.

"FLORENT CONCORDIA. REGNA."

The gold coin was as bright as though just from the mint. By whom it was deposited remains a mystery. Richmond's Island was one of the earliest spots settled in Maine, and contained quite a large population for its time.—Living as people were wont to do in the midst of alarms from Indians, this money might have been secreted from their eyes, or may have been part of the special deposit of some pirates, whose visits were not unfrequent in that region in the early history of Maine.

The coin shown us by Dr. Davies, from this exhumed store looked exceedingly tempting, and we should not be surprised if Dr. Cummings has his premises pretty well dug in future for the same crop. [Portland Advertiser.

THE SEASON AROUND NEW YORK. The farmers are busy with their plowing and potato and corn planting. The oats are just up but not yet thick enough to make the field look green. Wheat is a few inches high, small and backward, but has a healthy look. Grass is very late—many pastures are unfit now for grazing, and mowing lots are only just beginning to look fully green. Pears, plums, peaches, cherries are in bloom. Apples show the beautiful pink of the opening buds. No trees are in full leaf and none but the earliest show a green coat—many are as bare as in winter. The weather has been cold, and we have had but few days to drive men with thick winter clothing on to seek the shady side of the street. Last week coal fires were not only comfortable but necessary to comfort. Garden vegetables are backward. We have but a very small amount of green things from the open air. Radishes about the size of hazel nuts are hawked about the streets by the boys and girls of some of the suburban Dutch gardens. We have new potatoes from Bermuda at $7 a barrel, and fruit and early vegetables from some warmer latitude than ours begin to make their appearance. With us the promise is good for the future, but the spring is decidedly backward. [N. Y. Tribune, 14th.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN LIBERIA. The presidential election in Liberia was to have taken place on the 1st instant. President Roberts had declined a re-election. Edward J. Roye and Stephen A. Benson were the opposing candidates. Roye, some ten years ago, was a barber at Terre Haute, Ind., and on emigrating to Liberia became a successful merchant at Monrovia. He has been a member and speaker of the House of Representatives of that Republic; was a candidate two years ago for the presidency against President Roberts, and is now editing and publishing a paper in that country. He is said to be a pure African. Benson emigrated to Liberia when a child. He is the principal merchant at Bassa Cove; has filled the office of Judge of one of the highest courts of Liberia, and is now vice-president of the republic. He is represented as a man of talent, and of great popularity.

FREAKS OF LIGHTNING. A correspondent of the Portland Advertiser states some most curious freaks of lightning about the house of Capt. Upton, on Great Chebeague Island. The house, a one story farmhouse, was completely shattered to pieces—doors smashed—furniture broken—chimney scattered—windows demolished, &c., &c. The family were at supper, and the bowls, spoons, crockery, &c., were torn from their hands and scattered in every direction. The family consists of six persons—two of whom escaped entirely unhurt, the rest were quite seriously injured. The fluid passed through a cook-stove, and the kitchen floor into the cellar—leaving a hole more than a foot in diameter. Among other curious freaks, a brick was driven through a pane of glass, "as quick as lightning," leaving the space as smooth as if cut by a diamond.

LIQUOR CASE IN PORTLAND. The first prosecution in Portland under the new liquor law was against a woman—Mrs. Isabella Watson. She was found guilty, and was ordered to pay a fine of $20 and costs, and to be imprisoned thirty days. She appealed and gave the necessary bonds. The second case was against James McMahone, who was convicted and sentenced to the usual fine and imprisonment.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly.

Flour,	$11 00 @ 14 00	Round Hogs,	$7 00 @ 8 00
Corn Meal,	1 42 @ 1 50	Clear Salt Pork,	10 @ 12
Rye Meal	1 50 @ 2 00	Lamb,	7 @ 9
Wheat,	3 00 @ 3 25	Turkey,	10 @ 12
Rye,	1 37 @ 1 50	Chickens,	8 @ 10
Corn,	1 25 @ 1 30	Geese,	8 @ 10
Beans,	2 75 @ 3 00	Clover Seed,	12 @ 17
Oats,	65 @ 75	Herd's Grass,	4 25 @ 4 75
Potatoes,	80 @ 85	Red Top,	1 10 @ 1 25
Dried Apples	6 @ 8	Flax Seed,	1 00 @ 1 10
Cooking Apples,	33 @ 37	Hay	14 00 @ 16 50
Winter do.,	75 @ 80	Lime,	1 05 @ 1 10
Butter,	20 @ 25	Fleece Wool,	25 @ 30
Cheese,	13 @ 14	Pulled do.,	28 @ 30
Eggs,	14 @ 15	Lambskins,	25 @ 40
Lard,	12 @ 14	Hides,	5 @ 6

BRIGHTON MARKET, May 17.

At Market 725 Beef Cattle, 1550 Sheep, and 3200 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—We quote extra $9 75 @ 10 00; first quality $9 25 @ $9 50; second $8 50 @ $9 00; third $8 25.

WORKING OXEN.—Sales from $90 to $175.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sales from $23 to $70.

SHEEP.—Sales from $3 00 to $8 00.

SWINE.—At retail, from 5½c to 7½c.

BOSTON MARKET, May 19.

FLOUR.—Western superfine, $10 50; fancy, $10 75; Genesee Extra, $12 00 @ $13 00.

GRAIN.—Southern Yellow Corn is selling at $1 16, and White at $1 10. Oats, 70 @ 72c. Rye, in lots, $1 78.

HAY.—Eastern is selling at $24 ₩ ton, cash.

Consumptive Cough and General Debility Cured.

BOSTON, June 1, 1854.

Dr. Wilber,—Dear Sir,—Last spring I was afflicted with a severe cough, which had so completely prostrated me, that I was unable to leave my room. My friends considered me in a decline; but hearing of your Compound of Cod Liver Oil and Lime, I sent and purchased a bottle and commenced trying it. I began to perceive its beneficial effects, and am happy to say that after using it two months I have entirely recovered—my cough having left me and my strength returned. Respectfully yours, MARY WILLIAMS.

Be sure and get the genuine, manufactured only by ALEX. W. WILBER, Chemist, 166 Court St., Boston. For sale in Portland by H. H. Hay, Edward Mason, Oxnard & Co., J. Durgin & Co.; in Bangor by Ingraham & Fuller; Bath by A. G. Page. 1y51

HAYES' ALLIED OINTMENT, And Humor Syrup,

Is the best Medicine ever offered to the public for the cure of all Humors.

It has stood the test of more than seven years; and in offering it to the public we are not ignorant of its operation. We know it to be the greatest *Alleviator of Pain and Suffering* to those afflicted with any kind of humor, and really one of the greatest blessings to mankind ever before the public.

HAYES' PILE OINTMENT,

A certain cure for Piles and all External Irritations. Directions on the bottles. Price $1. Prepared by Dr E. D. HAYES, and sold wholesale and retail by CHARLES H. KENT, General Agent for the United States and Canadas, Nos. 5 & 6 Appleton Block, Lawrence St., Lawrence, Mass., to whom all orders should be addressed.

For sale by H. H. HAY, Portland; WM. BLACK, Augusta; GUILD & HARLOW, Bangor; WM. DYER, Waterville; J. G. COOK & Co., Lewiston. 1y17

TO THE PUBLIC.

In regard to the death of Susan M. Robbins, which took place in Sidney so recently, at the time of the investigation before the jury of inquest no cause could be assigned for the rash act. It has since appeared that stories had been in circulation derogatory to her character, and which reached her ear but a short time previous to the act, and which her friends believe was the cause of its commission. Her friends have had a thorough examination of the body since her death, by one of our prominent Physicians, by whose certificate it will be seen that the reports in circulation were slanderous and false.

This may certify that I have made a post mortem examination of the body of Susan M. Robbins, and that the reports in circulation, injurious to her reputation, are absolutely and unqualifiedly false. CYRUS BRIGGS.

May 19, 1855.

SINGULAR CASE OF SICKNESS AND DEATH.

This may certify to whom it may concern, that my daughter, Phebe Ann Estes, of China, Me., was taken sick in the 11th month, 1853, and died in the 12th month, 1854. Soon after she was taken sick, some persons reported that she was in a family way. This report was circulated as a fact, until Dr. Alexander Hatch of said China, and Dr. Benj. Brown of Brewer, Me., were called to see her. They visited her separately, and said it was their opinion that the report was not correct. She was often in great distress during several months. After her decease, a port mortem examination was made by Dr. George Brickett of said China, and Dr. Daniel Wallegh of said Brewer. Other doctors were present. They ascertained that the disease and cause of death was an ovarian tumor. They took from her a tumor which weighed 25 lbs., and 75 lbs. of water which was weighed. They judged that the water taken from her which was not weighed, and the water not taken from her, would have weighed 25 pounds more. JOHN ESTES.

NOTE. We publish the above by request of friends of the deceased, and in justification of her reputation, which had been injured by unfounded reports. ED.

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
The world was sad—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled!

In this city, 17th inst., by Rev. G. B. Cheever, Mr. DANIEL H. DAY to Miss LYDIA M. TAYLOR.

In Bath, Mr. HENRY M. POWERS to Miss CATHARINE MINOT.

In Gardiner, 21st inst., by Rev. Wm. L. Hyde, Mr. C. E. HAYWARD of this city, to Miss FRANCES A. PARSONS of Gardiner.

In Clinton, 20th inst., by A. M. Billings, Esq., Mr. JACOB L. DAVIS to Miss Octavia J. BISHOP, both of Leeds.

In Farmington, Mr. JOHN M. VOSE of Kingfield, to Miss MELVINA L. MACE; Mr. GEO. W. CHILDS of Chesterville, to Miss ARVILLA H. WILLIAMS of New Sharon.

In North Anson, Mr. CHAS. W. DAVIS of Fairfield, to Miss NANCY HOWARD.

In Boston, Mr. A. MATHEWS of Machias, to Miss HENRIETTA HARRIS of Rockland.

In Woolwich, 28th ult., Mr. JOHN FARNHAM, aged 83, to Miss HANNAH WILLIAMS, aged 65, after a courtship of 40 years.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore
And the race of immortals begun.

In Vienna, 18th inst., ELLEN GRAVES, daughter of Gerry and Mary Graves, aged 7 years 10 months and 10 days.

In Hallowell, 12th inst., WILLIAM BOND, son of Elias Bond, aged 56; 18th inst., WILLIAM CLARK, aged 68.

In Prairie Centre, Lasalle Co., Ill., 30th ult., Capt. BENJ. BUTLER, formerly of Farmington, aged 78.

In Bath, HANNAH C. HARWARD, wife of Maj. Thomas Harward, aged 49.

In Yarmouth, JOHN GURNEY, aged 69.

On board steamer Golden Gate, C. W. KELLAR of Thomaston, aged 26.

On board ship Victory, on his passage home from San Francisco, GEO. BABSON, formerly of Wiscasset, aged 37.

In Madison, JEDEDIAH THOMPSON, aged 79.

In Solon, MERCY H. PIERCE, wife of James S. Pierce, aged 51.

GOOD HELP ON WASHING DAYS.

THE subscriber informs those who are desirous of a good chance to dry their clothes that have been washed, that he is proprietor of

Woodward's Patent Clothes Dryer,

for all the towns in Kennebec County except Waterville. He is now manufacturing them, and will be happy to furnish those who may wish to obtain one of the most convenient aids in drying clothes hitherto invented. It takes up but a small space in the yard, and is so constructed that the lines can be easily lowered to a convenient height for putting on the clothes, and as easily elevated out of the way in order to dry. All orders promptly attended to.

ROBERT H. FOLSOM, Vienna.

May 22, 1855. 3m22

REMOVAL!

JOSEPH PIPER has removed to the store recently occupied by WILLS & LOMBARD, a few doors north of his former stand, where may be found a general assortment of choice

Family Groceries and Provisions,

Fruit, Nuts, Confectionary, and Bread of all kinds. Also, Pork, Lard, Ham, Beef Tongues, Tripe, Fish, Mackerel, Tongues and Sounds, Butter and Cheese, Flour, &c., which he will sell for cash or exchange for country produce.

Also, Fancy Goods, Cutlery and Toys.

J. P. tenders his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him, and hopes by strict attention to business and fair dealing to receive a continuance of the same.

Augusta, May 19, 1855. 22

McCOY'S PATENT LINEN POLISHER,

WILL give a superior Gloss and Smoothness to Linen and Cotton Fabrics, Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, &c.

By the use of this Iron, no Paste or Composition of any kind is necessary. The LINEN POLISHER is of itself all sufficient to accomplish the desired purpose. For sale by

21 S. S. BROOKS, Augusta, Me.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having unsettled accounts with the subscriber must call and settle on or before the middle of JUNE, as the subscriber will remove the last of June. All accounts must be closed up. F. A. WILLIAMS.

Readfield, May 16, 1855. 4w22

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of May, A. D. 1855.

LUTHER COBB, Administrator on the Estate of NATHAN F. COBB, late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the 2d Monday of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy.—Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of May, A. D. 1855.

MARY W. JOHNSON, Administratrix on the Estate of JACOB JOHNSON, late of Vienna, in said County, deceased, having presented her first account of administration of the Estate of said deceased, for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest—J. BURTON, *Register.* 22

Cheap, Cheap, Cheap!

ASSORTMENT OF HARD WARE, Nails, Glass, Paints, Oils and Glass Ware. Also, 35 Buggy Wagons, 6 pairs Cart Wheels. All will be sold very low, as the subscriber is about to leave the place. F. A. WILLIAMS.

Readfield, May 22, 1855. 4w22

At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the 2d Monday of May, A. D. 1855, within and for the County of Kennebec.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of PATTY COBB, late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, having been presented by JONA. L. STANLEY, the Executor therein named, for Probate:

ORDERED, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest—J. BURTON, *Register.*
A true copy. *Attest*—J. BURTON, *Register.* 22

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of May, A. D. 1855.

HARRIET M. BAKER, widow of WILLIAM BAKER, late of Albion, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That the said widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest—J. BURTON, *Register.* 22

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of May, A. D. 1855.

ABIGAIL WESTON, widow of STEPNEY WESTON, late of Litchfield, in said County deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the 2d Monday of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy.—Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 22

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of May, A. D. 1855.

NATHANIEL GRAVES, Administrator on the Estate of TIMOTHY MOORS, late of Vienna, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of Administration of the Estate of said deceased, for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy—Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 22

Flower Seeds.

A BEAUTIFUL Assortment of FLOWER SEEDS, just received by F. W. KINSMAN,
4w20 No. 7 Bridge's Block.

PRINTS! PRINTS!

3500 YDS. Calico, 3c. below manufacturers' price, perfectly fast colors, at W. JOSEPH & CO.

MRS. PAGE,

Teacher of music,—Singing, Piano Forte, &c.

TERMS:—From $6 to $8 per quarter.

References.

Mrs. W. K. WESTON, D. C. STANWOOD, Esq., Rev. W. A. P. DILLINGHAM. Residence at Rev. Mr. Dillingham's.

Augusta, April 16, 1855. 17

C. B. DE BURG'S NO. 1 SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

HIGHLY charged with AMMONIA, which is now acknowledged to be the most valuable ingredient in Peruvian Guano and other concentrated fertilizers.

Mr. DeBurg has so improved his Super-Phosphate the present season, by an increase of Ammonia, &c., that the effects of its application may be confidently expected greatly to exceed those which have heretofore resulted from its use. Every bag bearing his name will be just what it purports to be.

Agricultural Societies and distinguished Farmers tried many experiments the past year, side by side with Peruvian Guano, and other manures, with universal success. It is conceded to be the cheapest and most valuable manure in use.

All bags will be branded "C. B. DEBURG'S SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME."

Orders promptly answered by GEORGE DAVENPORT,

AGENT FOR THE MANUFACTURER, 14 COMMERCIAL ST., BOSTON.

N. B.—Pamphlets, containing Reports, testimonials, instructions for use, &c., forwarded on application.

April 23, 1855. 6w18

A MANDINE, for the cure of chapped hands, and softening the skin, for sale by EBEN FULLER, Druggist.

300 CASKS CEMENT, just received and for sale by
May 15, 1855. 21 ARNO A. BITTUES.

40 BBLS. PRIME LEAF LARD, for sale by
21 ARNO A. BITTUES.

100 SACKS coarse fine Liverpool SALT; 1000 bags extra fine Ground Rock Salt, now in store and for sale by
May 16, 1855. 21 ARNO A. BITTUES.

AUGUSTA MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO.

ABSTRACT of the report made at the annual meeting, May 7, 1855.

No. of Policies issued,	6299
No. in force,	1871
Amount insured,	$910,513 00
Amount of Premium Notes,	44,981 00

Liabilities.

Due for Loans,	$1000	
Losses unsettled, estimated	1130	$2,130 00

Resources.

Cash in Treasury,	$258 61
Balance against Co.,	1871 39

Assessments uncollected, equal to or more than sufficient to meet the balance against the company.

Per order of Directors.
W. F. HALLETT, Sec'y.
May 9, 1855. 21

Augusta Water Power Company.

TO LET, on the premises of this Company, Three Upright SAWS, with LATH and SHINGLE MACHINES, in perfect running order. Also, *three spacious Rooms*, in the Machine Shop of this Company, well located, and with power sufficient to propel any reasonable amount of machinery.

HENRY WILLIAMS, Agent.
Augusta, May 12, 1855. 21

PLASTER! PLASTER!!

THE subscribers keep constantly on hand at the PLASTER MILLS, a large supply of Manufactured Plaster of the very best quality. Owing to an unusual demand the last season, their stock was exhausted for the first time for many years. The kind of plaster selected by them is harder to grind, but more powerful as a manure.

SMITH MAXCY & SON.
Gardiner, Jan. 5, 1855. 4m6

Wool, Hides, Calfskins, and Sheepskins.

CAS

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Muse.

TO THE DANDELION.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike with lavish hand.
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my trophies and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tint,
His conquer'd Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are link'd with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listen'd as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds, and flowers, and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

From the London Times.

LORD RAGLAN AND THE WEATHER.

Lord Raglan might in September have taken
Sebastopol, duly and truly;
But the weather (he raves about weather!) was warm,
And he wished to take it—coolly!

So he made what was indeed, to our foes,
A diversion; quoth he, "I'll con it
Awhile, and in the meantime keep
My weather-eye upon it."

October, November, December came on,
As if missioned his army to kill off:
"The weather is now too cold," quoth he,
"I'll take it—with the chill off!"

For three months more despatches he wrote
In meteorological form,
'Till the storms have passed; "'Tis too late now,"
Quoth he, "to take it—by storm!"

Thus, whether the weather be foul or fair,
Sebastopol 'scapes the blow—
Then, down with the weather glass!—give us a man
Who will take it—whether or no!

The Story-Teller.

From Graham's Magazine.

PAUL ERNSTEIN'S GAME; AND WHO WON IT.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

CHAPTER I.

On the western balcony of Falconer Hall, stood two figures. The one was a young man, tall and slight. His frame, however, was firmly knit, and every muscle, every nerve and sinew, seemed instinct with a separate life. His was rather an Italian than an English face. His long, dark, curling hair was parted in the centre, and rippled down over either shoulder. His black, unfathomable eyes were full of slumbering, passionate fire, and his moustached upper lip was proud, self reliant, and determined. And yet, his was also the face of a poet. It kindled up with a kind of inspiration, which made its beauty seem almost superhuman, as he watched the sunset. But Jessie Falconer, standing close at his side, never noticed it. She was very young, and very fair; at least, so every one said who looked on the daughter of the widowed master of Falconer Hall, in her fresh, innocent loveliness. She had sweet, and yet classical features. Her hair was of that light, peculiar tint that poets call golden; and her eyes were blue as the azure satin of her robe. Standing by Paul Ernstein's side, she turned away from the glory of the sunset, and the more wondrous glory of his face, in the flush of inspiration. A gay young cavalier reined up his fiery steed before the balcony, and doffed his plumed hat, bending his head well nigh to his saddle bow.

His face was handsome, rather than beautiful. The greatest charm was in the look of sunshine that danced in and out of the hazel eyes, lurked roguishly in the twists and kinks of his brown hair, and played hide-and-go-seek in the corners of that expressive mouth.

He was Col. Aubert Falconer's nephew and ward, and his pure English descent was unmistakable. Paul Ernstein, on the other hand—the young master of the proud estate of Ravenswood, was born, as one might easily guess, who looked on him, of an Italian mother; while it was the German blood, mingling with the English, on his father's side, that lent to his character a depth of mysticism, peculiar to the land of Goethe, and gave him a fondness for the occult sciences, which was almost a matter of terror to his simple minded tutor. He too had been placed, by his dead father, under the guardianship of Col. Falconer, and, though he had already attained his minority, he still lingered at Falconer Hall.

Philip Leslie spurred his fiery jennet to the very brink of the steep terrace, and then drew him back so suddenly that he was almost overthrown.

"Philip, oh, Philip!" cried the young girl, watching him, with a scream of terror; and at the sound of her voice Paul Ernstein turned round, and fixed his eyes searchingly upon her. Recovering a little from her fright, she smiled, though her face was still very pale; and then bending over the balcony, she entreated, "promise me, only promise me, Cousin Phil, you will never venture that again. You might try it once too often."

"Nay, Jessie, cousin mine, I must have a bribe. Give me that white rose-bud in your hair, and I promise."

Paul Ernstein listened breathlessly. That very afternoon the white rose-bud had been refused to his own prayers—and would she give it to another before his eyes?

"Be generous," she answered, laughingly, "and promise what I ask, for knightly courtesy to me."

"Nay, nay, the bribe," and he looked up once more with a smile of confident assurance.

Paul Ernstein watched the scene, with his whole soul looking from his eyes. The maiden saw him, and her fingers trembled, but she slowly unfastened the rose, and bending over the terrace, let it fall. The gay cavalier underneath caught it, pressed it gallantly to his lips, and then fastened it in the band of his slouched hat, and looking upward, uttered his thanks. At that moment the wind blowing round the west wing of the Hall, swept the blossom off of its stem, and down before the feet of Philip Leslie's charger. All three saw it lie there, pure and white, and to the young men who had both striven for it, so precious; but before young Leslie could disengage his feet from the stirrups, Paul Ernstein had swung himself over the balustrade, and let himself down by one of the smooth pillars, on which the balcony was supported, and at the peril of his own life, gathered up the half crushed blossom from under the trampling hoofs of the hunter.

"Bravely done," cried Philip Leslie, involuntarily, as Ernstein, springing aside, treasured—(oh, was not this act prophetic!)—the flower for which he had dared so much, in his bosom. "Bravely done, and you may surely keep what you have won, at risk of life and limb."

But Paul heeded him not; he was looking upward toward the balcony, where Jessie Falconer bent smiling over—her sweet face, which had turned so pale when even a fancied danger threatened *Philip*, beaming and radiant *now*. He sighed bitterly and turned away.

That evening the three sat together in the spacious drawing room of Falconer Hall. Old Col. Falconer, in his arm chair at the oriel window, had drowsed into sleep; and Jessie, in a mood of teasing coquetry, was chatting merrily with "Cousin Phil." Young Ernstein of Ravenswood sat for half an hour in silence, but he spoke at length, as if saying something to which he must perforce give utterance, though he liked not the time nor place.

"Jessie," he said, "Jessie, playmate and friend, and childhood sister, I go far away from you to-morrow. I shall set out with the dawn of day for mine own estate of Ravenswood. I have a boon to crave. I *would* have asked it when we two were alone, but time may not favor me. Will you give me, now that I am about to leave you, the little glove I picked up for you the last day we rode over the fields together? You refused it then, but for a parting keepsake you will not surely say me nay."

"But I cannot have *my* favors won and worn so easily. You taught me to play chess, and we will have one last game now. If you win, the glove is yours. Are you content?"

He answered, "I am content." And they sat down to the board, with Philip Leslie sitting between, and watching them. For more than an hour they played—Jessie coolly, carefully, skilfully, foiling her master with the very weapons he had taught her to use. Paul Ernstein, wildly, impulsively, and yet with such earnestness, as one would have who felt that his stake was infinitely precious. Philip Leslie looked on with a smile of assured and easy triumph.

At last, laughing gaily, the maiden clasped her small, white hand upon her knee, and said, exultingly, "checkmated, master Paul."

Paul Ernstein made no reply for a few moments. Resting his face on his hand, he bent eagerly over the board. There was no help—move where he would, the inexorable checkmate stared him in the face. At length, pushing the board from him, he rose, and walked out upon the balcony. The stars were over him; calm, pure, long-enduring. He lifted toward them his gaze, wild with a struggling, impatient, human despair. And behold, looking downward from afar, each pale star seemed to answer him mockingly—

"Behold how impotent are your watchings, and your prayers—they bring no tears nor any dimness to the far-off eyes of star or woman?"

With something almost like terror Jessie Falconer had seen him go forth, with the passionate grief darkening, shadow-like, over his proud features; and now, despite the clasping hand of Philip Leslie, which would have restrained her, she rose up and followed him. Going to his side, she laid her hand upon his arm, and looked up at him with her smiling eyes.

"Paul," she said, gently, "cherished friend—*brother Paul!*"

He withdrew from the touch of the slight fingers, which lay all too sister-like upon his arm.

"And that is all?" he exclaimed, with passionate fervor. "Jessie, was it for this only, I have waited and prayed all these years, watching you grow up to womanhood; only to hear you call me *'brother?'* You have known my love—you *must* have. You have trifled with it, less than woman that you are; how much less than the angel I had deemed you. Jessie Falconer, for your fair, frail sake, I have lingered here months and years, taming my proud will to your lightest fancies; and you, beautiful deceiver, looked on and triumphed! Nay, do not answer me—do not say you dreamed not of my love. The very stars of heaven could not be half so blind!"

Again that light touch rested upon his arm, and once more she said "Paul!" Even now the word fell with no love-cadence on his ear, but it calmed and subdued him. That single utterance told him so many things. He felt that her fresh young heart, loving him as a sister, had indeed been unconscious of the passion of his own. No bitter words could have reproached him for his unjust harshness, half so effectually. He, to whom she had given so much, in giving a sister's love; he, the so often protector of her girlish timidity; the recipient, from boyhood, of a father's guiding care, from her noble sire, had brought the tears to those bonny, winsome blue eyes, by his unmanly harshness. Very humbly he spoke, at length, bending over her in the starlight—

"Jessie, loved one, I meant it not. You are pure, you are true—you never wronged me in thought or deed. I was less than man to reproach you. Forgive me, only say that you forgive me, and I will go forth from your presence to come back no more, until I too can calmly speak and hear the words 'my sister and brother!'"

The tears which had gathered in Jessie Falconer's blue eyes, fell unheeded, glittering like pearls on the stone floor at her feet. Even to her it was very sad, this parting with the companion of so many years; and yet she realised that it was best for both; so she only said, timidly, "Will you have the glove, brother Paul?"

"Nay, Carissima, not until I have won it. I will come back when I am stronger, and play another game of chess for the tiny gage. You will keep it till then, for my sake. Jessie, I thought to part calmly, but I cannot. I have loved you so. God bless you, God in Heaven bless you, my love, Jessie!" He clasped her in one passionate embrace. The first it was; he felt it must be the last. He kissed lips, cheek, and brow, and the lids drooping over her winsome eyes; and then putting her hurriedly from him, he strode away to his own apartment. It was long ere those two met again.

Going within, Jessie Falconer felt her hands tremble in the eager clasp of Philip Leslie.

"Paul Ernstein has asked your love, I know, Jessie, darling," he said, with a tone of assured and permitted fondness, "and my heart tells me he asked in vain. It is time I told you in words, what your soul knew long ago. *I* love you, Jessie, and—" he paused, watching the blushes crimson over her young cheek, and then continued—"and, Jessie, I love you not in vain!"

An unwelcome thought, which was almost a conviction, that she was giving up the greater love for the less, swept through Jessie's mind, but she quickly banished it. Her heart trembling, overflowing with its new bliss, had no room for doubt, and so she suffered him to encircle her waist with his arm, and chase away the swift-winged hours with rapturous vows, and visions of the future; the while Paul Ernstein paced to and fro in his lofty, lonely room, battling with his despair, or leaning his head far out of his wide-opened window, gazing on the blue heaven, mocking, with all its starry beauty, the desolation of his life, whose star had set with no hope for the dawning.

That night, when Jessie Falconer stood once more in maiden purity within her chamber, she wore a troth-kiss upon her lips, and on her finger a ring, which had never glittered there before, but on which she loved to look. Even then, in the full tide of her new joy, she was not unmindful of the proud heart, breaking for her sake. She took the glove he had coveted from her toilet, and placed it carefully in a secret drawer of her writing-desk, and then kneeling in the star light, she prayed for both—her betrothed, and him whom she called her brother.

The next morning, long before the earliest dawn-rays blushed on the hill-tops, Paul Ernstein rode forth on his coal-black steed, from the arched gateway of Falconer Hall. No wakeful eyes watched his departure from its balconies—no kerchief fluttered from its turrets. Alone he went forth, in the silence of the still, gray morning. Will he ever return?

CHAPTER II.

The swift-winged hours went by as a long dream of pleasure to Jessie Falconer. Cheerfully her gray-haired father had consented to the wooing of his sister's son. Philip, with all his gaiety, proved, for the nonce, a most chivalrous and devoted lover. They took long rides over the hills, long walks over the moorlands, and this new page of Jessie's life seemed so flooded with Heaven's own sunshine, her eyes could hardly look on it, but through a mist of happy tears.

All this time, there came no word nor message from Paul Ernstein. They heard of him occasionally in his solitary home. There was a tale of a large ship stranded on the coast, near his castle; and how he went forth, and with a might almost superhuman, succeeded in rescuing the passengers from the wreck and the storm. The accounts of him were so vague, they were little more than legends, but they gladdened Jessie's sisterly heart, and made old Col. Falconer proud of his ward.

The lovers had been for six months betrothed, (for Col. Falconer had stipulated that their marriage should be deferred one year,) when Philip Leslie was summoned to the Dutch war. It was in the reign of Charles II, and the war had been for some time commenced, before the regiment of which young Leslie was commander, was summoned to the scene of hostilities. Jessie Falconer was a loving woman, but she had a woman's contempt for cowardice and inaction. Far sooner would she have clasped her lover's helmet, and sent him forth to the fight, than kept him, when glory called, for one moment by her side, in inglorious inactivity. Their parting was tender, as lovers' partings are. They went forth together, in the morning sunshine, and stood upon the balcony, and once more the handsome soldier whispered the vows that made him her own forever. Then there was a last embrace—the clinging of warm, white arms about his neck, and a passionate cry—"God bless you, my wife, my Jessie, and God judge between us, and condemn me, if I am not true, and worthy of your love." Then unwinding those clinging arms, he sprang down the steps, and rode away. She stood there, watching him with her tearful eyes. His white plumes fluttered in the sunlight; his high mettled steed ambled joyously along the winding road, and something that was almost triumph blent with his sadness, even as he turned for a last look at the tearful face bending toward him from the balcony.

Already, for some time, Paul Ernstein had been numbered among the combatants—Paul Ernstein, poet and warrior! Even Jessie Falconer's preoccupied heart had fluttered with a thrill of pride, as she listened to the rumors of his prowess, and remembered that this man, to whom so many souls did homage, had sought, albeit it was vainly, for her love.

Many months passed; to Jessie, months of anxious waiting; to Philip, of struggle and turmoil, and endeavor. At last, the peace of Buda was declared. And now, English eyes, eyes of wives, eyes of mothers, eyes of sisters turned longingly, hopefully toward the absent. Now Jessie Falconer, watching ceaselessly over the sick couch of her father, trembled timidly at thought of what hands would so soon help to smooth his pillows. Sickness had fallen heavily upon the brave old Colonel Falconer, and reduced almost to the helplessness of a child, he lay, dependent on his daughter's nursing. But every day, more and more wearily, he would murmur—"Why is not Philip here? Is it not weeks since you told me peace was concluded? I would fain give you to his keeping, before I go to my long rest in the vault of the Falconers!"

And Jessie would answer, trying to soothe her own heart with the belief, "He will be here to-morrow, dearest father."

The moon rose bright over the level shores of Belgium. Clearly revealed to the eye by its full beams, stood two, who were evidently lovers.—The lady was young and fair, but proud and stately in her beauty. Her figure was slight and tall, and her light tresses were braided like a coronet above the lofty brow, whereon Nature's own hand had stamped the patent of nobility. But spite of the loftiness of the upper face, there was about the mouth a lurking love of power, a something that was almost selfishness, betokening a resolute self-seeking at whatever cost of pain to others. And yet there was a look of passionate tenderness in the large blue eyes fixed so earnestly upon her companion. He was an officer in English uniform, no other than Philip Leslie. But a wilder love than had ever thrilled his heart for his far-away betrothed, spoke in every glance he turned upon the maiden at his side.

"It *must* be, Maud," he said, earnestly; "without you, life would be worse than wretched, and loving you so madly, my hand would be but a pledge of life long sorrow to my betrothed." He bent toward her, and strove to encircle her waist with his arm.

She withdrew herself with a cold pride.—"Nay, Captain Falconer," she said, very calmly, in spite of her love; "nay, how many times have I told you this must not be. My *husband's* arm must be the first to embrace me, my *husband's* lips press the first kiss upon mine."

"They shall, I am resolved at last. The struggle is over. You shall be my bride to-morrow morning, and then in your love, my wife, my idol, I will forget Jessie Falconer, as I pray Heaven she may forget me."

A momentary look of triumph flashed from the maiden's eyes, and then veiling them with her long lashes, she murmured, Philip Leslie thought, with all the timidity of love—"It is wrong, I know it is, but we love each other so. Perhaps it is not worse to wrong one maiden's heart, who cannot love as we do, than to wreck the happiness of both of our lifetimes, for I *know* you love me, Philip."

The next morning there was a bridal in a quiet chapel, and the handsome bridegroom stood before the altar, a perjured man. There was a triumphant glitter in the bride's large eyes as she wrote her name for the first time, "Maud Leslie," and turned not now away from her husband's passionate kiss.

CHAPTER III.

It was midnight, and old Colonel Falconer lay dying. The death angel, whose wings had fanned him harmlessly on many a battle-field had sat down by his bedside now. But he did not fear nor tremble. Outside, the wind blew wild, eerie blasts, or swept like the crash of contending armies through the old oaks of the park.—The young moon was hidden by clouds hanging low, and heavy; black bannerols of the night. The old man lay very peacefully, with his fair, young daughter beside him, and the wax tapers burning cheerfully at his bed's foot. Little he heeded clouds or winds, going forth alone to that far country, where never more winds of earth might fan his brow.

"I had thought," he said, at length, "that Philip would be here before I died—that I could give you to his protection, and your grief over my memory would be easier to bear, lightened by the new joy of a wife. But this might not be. His footsteps linger long, and I must set forth on my journey. My other child, Paul Ernstein, wanders over foreign lands, far away from the castle of his fathers, and I must leave you alone, my timid blossom. But your blue-eyed mother has waited for me many a year and day beneath the mould, and now she must wait no longer. Holding her hand, I must cross the unseen river, and drift outward on the shoreless sea of Heaven's great future. Mary, angel, heart's wife, I am coming. One kiss, my child, my Jessie. We will watch over you, if we may."

He paused, but Jessie seemed to hear his voice still. So gently had he drowsed into death, that she knew not he had departed. Something, almost like the light of youth, lay warm about the mouth; and the smile, whose blessing bathed those features, growing so cold and still in death, told that in that hour, on the banks of the unseen river, there had been a meeting; the patient and long-enduring love had met its reward; true and faithful, with lips no other kiss had ever crimsoned, the husband walked beside the wife of his youth.

It was long before Jessie Falconer awoke to a sense of her bereavement, and then, when they would have led her from the dead, she arose and walked, without sigh or moan, to her own chamber. She waited there calm, and motionless, until on the high couch, with its black hangings, they had laid the body in state for its burial, and then calmly she went back, and sending forth all others, sat down beside it.

It was high-noon of the next day—refusing to take food or rest, she sat there still, never once turning away her gaze from that cold, dead face. Her old nurse entered unperceived, and going up to her side, laid her hand upon her shoulder.—But she started away almost in terror, at the white, passionless face that met her vision.

"A letter my lady," she said timidly, "which I thought you might look at even now."

Mechanically Jessie Falconer took the missive, and glanced at the well-known superscription. Then motioning away her attendant, with a look of something more like her former self in her eyes, she broke the seal of Philip Leslie's letter. It ran thus:

"JESSIE, MY KIND, MY GENTLE COUSIN—

"You have wondered, I know, that since peace was long ago declared, you have not seen me, that I have not written you these many months. Jessie, I could not write to you, I could not come to you. I have passed through a fearful struggle. And now that all is over, I hardly dare to say 'forgive me.' My love for you is unchanged, but alas it is, as it was, the calm love of a brother. God forgive me that I mistook it for a lover's passion; that I strove to win your pure heart in return. We had grown up together from childhood, and I, who had seen no other one so fair, could not but look lovingly upon your beauty. Jessie, I cannot write about it calmly, I was all wrong.

"Months ago I met Maud Heinrich, and then, for the first time, I realized the wildness of a passionate, all-absorbing love. Oh, Jessie, I struggled fearfully with my own heart. I did not yield easily, but day after day, her perfectness stole into my soul and mastered it. And she loved me—loved me, Jessie, as even you can never dream. I cannot write to you of this.—Maud is my wife now. I dare not hope for your forgiveness, but I would bless you forever, for one line which should tell me that you love me no better than I deserve—that I have not made your life as wretched as I fear. Jessie, brightest vision of my childhood, sweetest sister of my manhood, even now lovingly, longingly, my soul blesses you. PHILIP LESLIE."

Jessie Falconer had read the letter thro' very calmly, but now the pent up bitterness of her anguish burst forth in one wailing cry—"Alone at length, oh, my God," and then with her hands clasped rigidly around the fatal letter, she sank down like a snow-wreath upon the floor. She was borne forth thence to her own apartment, and her old nurse tended her carefully; but for many days she lay in her long stupor, seeming scarcely to breathe; as unconscious of all earthly sights and sounds, as the dead man lying no stiller on his bed of state. She had not yet roused from her death-like trance, when the master of Falconer Hall was borne forth to the burial. Nurse Martha watched the long procession from the chamber window—she saw the heavy sable plumes nod over the hearse with its velvet pall, and the long line of carriages following it slowly adown the winding road. And then she turned from all this funeral grandeur toward her young mistress, lying there pale and death-like, as if she too would soon go forth to the vault of the Falconers, with the velvet pall over her, the sable plumes nodding at her head, and the long train of carriages behind.

But it was not to be so. Slowly the life stole back to Jessie Falconer's languid pulses, the light to her blue eyes. She rose up from that long trance a changed being. No longer a gay, light-hearted maiden, but a woman, pale, calm, reticent. She never mentioned Philip Leslie's name, but one night, sitting alone in her chamber, she read quietly through the letter he had written her; she looked lingeringly at a miniture, and a curl of chestnut hair; she took a diamond circlet from her finger, and then calmly and tearlessly, she sealed them all up, and directed the package to Philip Leslie. She added no words; though many a night she struggled fearfully with her own heart, until at last she had forgiven him, even as she hoped to be forgiven, but not even for his still dear sake, could she utter falsehood, and not yet could she give him the assurance that he had not made her life wretched.

Philip Leslie sat with his wife in the peaceful room where much of their honey-moon had been passed, when Jessie Falconer's package was placed in his hands. "All I had ever given her, and no word beside," he said, half sadly: and looking up, he met the jealous eyes of Maud.

"Twice fickle, already thou regrettest," said she, almost bitterly.

"Nay, Maud, wife, darling," he cried, passionately springing to her side. "I love only you; I have never loved another."

"I would have a proof. Send back to the heiress of Falconer Hall, the letters she wrote, the miniature she gave you, and the ring of betrothal. Send them, with no word, no message, an thou lovest me."

And Philip Leslie, delirious still with her love, enslaved by her beauty, obeyed her.

Jessie Falconer received the package on the anniversary of her betrothal. Very quietly she unfolded it, and then rising laid all its contents in the fire. "And thus it ends," she muttered to herself, "perish the ashes!"

CHAPTER IV.

Three long, lonely years had passed over the heiress of Falconer Hall. One who had seen her when her troth was plighted to Philip Leslie, would scarcely recognise her now. The country-people round adored her almost as a saint. She was so gentle, when she came among them, with her pale, sweet face, and her deep mourning robes. The sick listened to her tones, gladly as a released prisoner to bird-notes and waterfalls, the little children climbed fearlessly to her knee, and the very blossoms that she cherished seemed to grow fairer. But save these rustic neighbors, who came to her with all their humble hopes and wishes, Falconer Hall was deserted.

Sorrow had sanctified without imbittering its mistress. For many months, the ghost of her great grief had walked with her hand in hand. It had stood with her on the white seashore; sat by her side at the board, and lain down by her at night-tide, clasping her in its cold arms. But it had passed away from her gradually, and now her present self looked back to it with a kind of pitiful wonder. She saw Philip Leslie as he was, and she could not comprehend her old love for him. So different was he from the spirits of the great and gifted with whom her latter years had held communion, that she almost blushed for the love dream of her youth. And now she wrote him—the letter he had requested three years before. She said,

"COUSIN PHILIP,—Since the letter of farewell in which you requested me to forgive you, three years have passed, which have left me other than they found me. I do not *forgive* you; I, who *have* nothing to forgive. Rather let me *thank* you. Solemnly, truly, I tell you, my life is richer, better, *happier*, than if I had been your wife. I write you this because it is *true*; and because I would not one remorseful thought of me should ever shadow your present joy. Your own heart counseled you wisely. Thank Heaven that you obeyed its dictates.

"I could not write to you at first, for your letter, which came to me as I sat beside the corpse of my dead father, gave me a terrible shock. I thought then it was the shock of sorrow—it proved to be the shock of *awakening*. The years since then have changed me. What I loved then I could not love now. I thank God and you, that my nature is free to seek *alone* its highest development. You have thought of me sorrowfully, my cousin, for I know your kindly nature. But let all sorrow pass now, and be happy. I hear that your wife is fair and sweet. Kiss her blue eyes, with a sister's kiss, for the absent

JESSIE."

Philip Leslie was living at Interlachen with his beautiful wife, when this letter reached him. He had never revisited England since his marriage. His married life had been far from the dream of joy he had pictured at its commencement. His stately Maud had fulfilled the promise of her lower face, and proved selfish, passionate and exacting. Many times his thoughts had reverted lovingly to the old dream, till he feared to utter Jessie Falconer's name, lest his heart should whisper that the first love was truest after all. He had acquired the German habit of smoking incessantly, and he sat on a shaded bank at a little distance from the house, with his favorite meerschaum, when his wife brought him Jessie Falconer's letter. She had broken the seal, and held the sheet open in her hand. His heart thrilled as he had never thought to feel it thrill again, at the sight of the well-known handwriting. "There," said his wife, with an ill-concealed sneer, "read that, and your anxiety may be satisfied that your first love didn't die for your sake. A woman's ideal *does* change as she grows older. I have felt *that* for some time."

The last part of her speech fell unheeded on his ear, so intently was he perusing the letter. "Thank God!" he said fervently, when he had read it through—"thank God that *she* at least is happy—that I have not made a shipwreck of *her* future."

"As you did your own, you would like to add," said Maud tauntingly, and then she laughed a laugh more bitter to Philip Leslie's ears than and words.

So jarring, so disagreeing, has passed all their life since, until the "wife-ridden Englishman" and his German "frau" are the staple gossip of half the watering-places in Germany.

The same evening on which her letter reached her cousin Philip, Jessie Falconer sat alone in her little bower chamber. She had been looking long and wistfully at a rose-tinted glove which she had taken from a drawer in her escritoire. Many times of late, she had looked thus on the little gage for which Paul Ernstein had played his last game of chess, in vain. Paul had a power over her in these later days which no other had ever acquired, and not seldom had the tiny glove been moistened by her tears. Perhaps every life has lost a Paradise—one that we have left behind us, going forth to pluck some apple of Sodom, and coming back, have found its gates closed forever. Such was this lost love to Jessie Falconer. Now, at length, she understood Paul Ernstein's poet soul. Once in life, she had met, what so few women *ever* meet, the living and actual realization of all her life's highest dreams, and with girlish recklessness, she had cast from her this "pearl of great price," to fill her clasping fingers with brier roses.

She felt it all now. She saw how much higher and richer still might have been her life, with a second self to share all its purer aspirations, and almost imperceptibly to herself, she had grown to love Paul Ernstein, not indeed with the transient yet absorbing wildness of her first dream, but more deeply, more enduringly, with womanhood's deep-springing, deathless love. Nor did she strive to conquer this passion, hopeless as her heart told her it must ever be. It seemed to her but the concentration of all her worship for the true, and beautiful, and gifted, and there was, in cherishing it, a joyful sorrow. It made her no less the gentle and sympathising friend of her humble tenants, the kind mistress, and the earnest student. And yet it was warm and strong in her heart this evening, as she bent with tear-dimmed eyes over the glove clasped in her fingers. It was an hour in which she had accustomed herself to be alone, and she looked up with gentle surprise at the intrusion of Nurse Martha.

"A gentleman waits to see you in the drawing-room, my lady," said her old attendant. Mechanically Jessie Falconer arose, with a silent wonder who could thus have intruded on her long solitude. She glided quietly down the stairs with her pale face, and her mourning robes, and found herself in the presence of Paul Ernstein. She had received from him no line or message since their last parting, but she had heard from others that he was unmarried still, and living upon his paternal estate of Ravenswood.

Quietly he advanced to meet her, as quietly as if their separation had been but for a week or a day. "Jessie, my sister," were his words of greeting. Meeting thus, he called her sister, only sister. Alas! she had little thought in other days that word from him would ever bring with it such intensity of pain. But her manner was composed and calm as she laid her hand in his.

His visit lasted many days, but he went as he came, making no mention of the past, uttering no dearer word than sister. He took all the old walks and rides by her side! they read the old books together in the library, and he went with her among her poor people, and heard the joyful greetings which welcomed her, but he looked no look, and spoke no word, of the love deeper than a brother's he had once laid at her feet. A long, lonely month succeeded his departure. Jessie Falconer chid herself vainly that she grew less thoughtful of others, in her own absorbing and hopeless love. Nurse Martha, looking on the shaded brow of her foster-child, smiled quietly sometimes, and more than once was seen to consult the almanac. It was the anniversary of their game of chess, and once more Jessie Falconer sat in the twilight by the table where they had played together. A footstep crossed the tufted carpet so lightly that she heard it not until the intruder stood by her side, and said gently, "Well, Jessie, I have come to play the second game. I promised to come back when I could come calmly. Have you kept the glove?"

"Oh yes," she answered, mechanically arranging the pieces upon the board, to cover her confusion. They played almost in silence, and the game was very short. One thought only was in Jessie's mind. "*He* had forgotten the love of his youth; he could come back *'calmly.'*"

"Will you bring the glove?" said Paul Ernstein, looking up when her king was checkmated. She rose and passed from the room.—She choked back her sobs, as she took it from the writing-desk, and quietly returning laid it before him. A stranger, calmly looking on, would have seen him tremble as he took it up, but Jessie, absorbed in her own thoughts, did not notice it.

"What, Jessie, sister, it is stained with tears, poor thing. Sometimes one loves to preserve these old relics, one scarcely knows wherefore. Look at this." He drew from his bosom a locket and touched a spring, which revealed a withered rose. "You remember my picking it up, Jessie?" He could see her tremble as he spoke.—He paused a moment, and then went on. "Sit down here beside me, I have something to tell you. When we parted, years ago, I went forth loving you. For many months your face, your voice, your smile were ever present. But I fought with the passion and conquered it. I came back, strong to look upon your face and call you sister. I found, not the Jessie I had left, but another being, a calm, high-souled, spiritual *woman;* and, Jessie, dear heart, I have learned the love lesson over again. Ten times more deeply than when, years ago, I went forth from your presence, do I love you now. Nay, weep not, darling; is not my love returned? I have not read your heart wrongly this time?"

There was no answer, only at last he held her head upon his shoulder; at last, he felt her heart beat against his side,

Looking up, when half an hour had passed, he whispered gayly, "I will take the glove now, darling, after all these years, and the little hand that wore it, for interest on your long debt of love. Shall it not be so, my Jessie?"

There was a bridal in the country church, and peasant girls strewed flowers in the bride's pathway. The mistress of Falconer Hall became the mistress of Ravenswood. Paul Ernstein had played a long game, but he won at last.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.

A Boston Remedy, Price 25 Cents a Box.

WE were recently amused on hearing a child, hardly old enough to talk, and who had just received the merest scratch on his finger, inquiring for the "Russia Salve," of persons who had never seen the article. We had supposed that it was one of the numerous humbugs of the day, but have been mistaken. We learn that Rev. W. Collier, a most estimable Baptist clergyman, with whom we are well acquainted, and who has now been dead some ten years, was presented with a recipe for its manufacture, by a native of Russia. C., in his walks among the poor, while a city missionary in Boston, often applied it, and found that remarkable cures were effected. At length, so extensive was the demand, he was compelled to charge a small price for the article, in order to meet the expense which was incurred. We have just seen a box of this ointment that was put up by him some twenty years ago, and which is just as fresh as ever. We have not written the foregoing for any selfish purpose, but to express our confidence in the excellence of "Redding's Russia Salve."

[Watchman and Reflector, Boston.

Sold wholesale and retail by H. H. HAY, Druggist, Portland; DINSMORE & SON, Skowhegan; WM. BLACK, Augusta; and all druggists in the United States and Canadas.

eop1y28 REDDING & CO., Boston.

RHODE'S FEVER AND AGUE CURE,

Or, Nature's Infallible Specific.

FOR the Prevention and Cure of Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, General Debility, Night Sweats, and all other forms of disease, which have a common origin in Malaria or Miasma. This subtle atmospheric poison which at certain seasons is unavoidably inhaled at every breath, is the same in character wherever it exists,—North, South, East or West,—and will every where yield to this newly discovered antidote, which is claimed to be the Greatest Discovery in Medicine ever made.

This specific is so harmless that it may be taken by persons of every age, sex or condition, and it will not substitute for one disease others still worse, as is too often the result in the treatment by Quinine, Mercury, Arsenic, and other poisonous or deleterious drugs, not a particle of any of which is admitted into this preparation.

The proprietor distinctly claims these extraordinary results from the use of this NATURAL ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

It will entirely protect any resident or traveller even in the most sickly or swampy localities, from any Ague, or Bilious disease whatever, or any injury from constantly inhaling Malaria or Miasma.

It will instantly check the Ague in persons who have suffered for any length of time, from one day to twenty years, so that they need never have another chill, by continuing its use cording te directions.

It will immediately relieve all distressing results of Billious or Ague diseases, such as general debility, night sweats, &c. The patient at once begins to recover appetite and strength, and continues until a permanent and radical cure is effected.

Finally, its use will banish Fever and Ague from families and all classes. Farmers and all laboring men by adopting it as a preventive will be free from Ague or Billious attacks in that season of the year which, while it is the most sickly, is the most valuable one to them.

One or two bottles will answer for ordinary cases, some may require more.

Directions printed in German, French and Spanish, accompany each bottle.

Price One Dollar. Liberal discounts made to the trade.

Trade circulars forwarded on application, and the article will be consigned on liberal terms to responsible parties in every section of the country.

JAS. A. RHODES, Proprietor,
Providence, R. I.

Wholesale Agents, J. DINSMORE & SON, Skowhegan, to whom all orders should be addressed

WEEKS & POTTER, sole agents in Boston. And for sale by dealers generally. 6m13

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers is this day, by mutual consent, dissolved. All persons indebted to the late firm are requested to call at their former place of business and settle their accounts immediately. HAWES & PALMER.

Augusta, May 1, 1855. 3w20

Somerset & Kennebec Railroad Company.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Stockholders of the Somerset & Kennebec R. R. Co. will not be entitled to the privilege of claiming their quota of the Bonds of said Company as per vote of the Stockholders, unless application is made to the Treasurer previous to the 10th of June next.

Per order of Directors.

S. P. SHAW, Treasurer.

Waterville, May 7, 1855. 4w20

WHAT DR. ORDWAY'S HUMOR DISCOVERY WAS DONE, AND WILL DO.

As a general rule it will be found that the worst Scrofula can be cured by the use of from two to seven bottles.

Salt Rheum requires about the same number.

Nursing Sore Mouth, from one to three bottles.

The worst cases of Canker, from one to three. Two cases have been known of Canker extending through the stomach and bowels, and inducing a complication of maindies, that required—one five, the other seven.

Jaundice, Drowsiness, &c., require from one to half a dozen bottles to effect a cure, according as the disease has advanced in the system.

The worst Rheumatism is cured, and driven from the system, by the use of from two to six bottles.

Pimples in the face, and Humor, are generally cured by from one to three bottles, though some very bad cases have been found requiring from four to six bottles.

Humor in the eyes, redness and soreness of the eyes and eye lids, are cured by using one to three bottles.

Blotches on the head, and scald head, are always cured by the use of from one to three bottles.

C. W. ATWELL, under U. S. Hotel, Portland, General Agent for Maine; and sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere. 14tf

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, OWEN BRADFORD, of Windsor, in the County of Kennebec, and State of Maine, on the fifteenth day of May A. D. 1835, by his deed of mortgage of that date, recorded in the Kennebec Registry of Deeds, book 114 page 141, will more fully appear, conveyed to Hiram Peva, of said Windsor, the following described parcel of real estate, to wit: A certain tract of land situated in said Windsor, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the south-east corner of land owned by Samuel Dunlap, thence running at a right angle across the lot southerly to land formerly owned by Lyman Bradford, and now by me, thence westerly by said Bradford's land, to the western branch of Sheepscot River, thence northerly by said branch, thir